

MASSILLON DAILY INDEPENDENT.

FOURTH YEAR.

MASSILLON, O., SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1891.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

HUMBERGER'S

20 DAY
Clearance - Sale.

The crowds of people that visit our store fully appreciate the

SWEEPING REDUCTIONS
made in every department.

Our stock of Plush Coats, long and short, are selling at about half price. Don't wait, they won't last long.

Don't forget the Stylish Garments, your choice for \$5.00. See them. This is the greatest bargain ever offered in this city. Respectfully,

Warwick Block. HUMBERGER'S

COLEMAN. THE JEWELER

New and Complete stock in all the very latest styles.

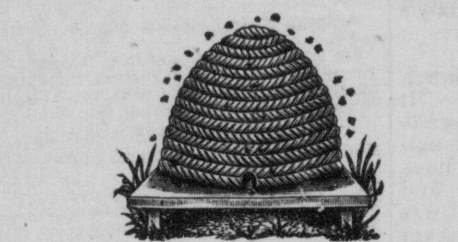
STERLING SILVERWARE,
Dozens, Half Dozens, Single pieces.

Diamonds,
Watches

Jewelry.
Largest Stock in the City
NO. 5 ERIE STREET.

THE

Shelves and Counters
IN THE
Massillon Bee Hive



CASH STORE.

are now being
LOADED WITH SPRING DRY GOODS

and Carpets.

Mr. Putman is just back from New York and Philadelphia, where he selected one of the largest ever brought to the city of Massillon.

Watch This Space

For Exceptional Bargains.

Respectfully,
ALLMAN & PUTMAN.

SEE GEORGE SNYDER

Before you buy your

BOOTS AND SHOES

GRAND PALACE HOTEL.

81 to 83 North Clark Street, CHICAGO

5 Minutes from court house.

Both Plans.
Weekly \$3.00. Transients, 50c up.

Restaurant by Compagnon, late Chl. Club Chef.

Popular Prices. New House.

Cut this out for further reference.

TO THE PUBLIC.

JANNEY

Formerly with Tun Kee in the Minch block and No. 1 East Tremont street.

has started a first-class

New Laundry at No. 45 East Main Street

Where he will be prepared to show to the public the finest work in his line. He has the latest improved machinery.

New Shirts, 12c for 25c shirts, 10c. Collars, 4c. Ladies Collars, 2 for 5c. Cuffs, 4c.

E. D. Wileman,

ENGINEER & SURVEYOR.

Office in Warwick Block.

All work accurately and promptly attended to. P. O. Box, 47.

Real Estate bought, sold and exchanged

AS SURE

As two and two make four, we have just received the largest stock and nobbiest styles of Hats that have ever been opened in this section; all of the new shapes and colors can be found with us. People tell us that it is quiet

AS DEATH

"Around Town" in the Hat and Clothing line, "not so with us" we are always busy, our trade is as steady as the tick of the clock. Although we don't do business on the tick plan. All the novelties in Spring Suits or Overcoats can be seen with us, if we haven't got what you want on the first floor, we are sure to have it on the second or third, as our building is chuck full of goods from cellar to roof. Our store fits you with a suit or overcoat

AND TAXES

You less for it than any other clothier in the city. Our stock of neckwear, underwear, Hosiery, gloves, etc., is second to none in the county, and for trunks and valises we are headquarters. Our address is

C. M. WHITMAN,

THE ORIGINAL ONE PRICE CLOTHIER, No. 18 SOUTH ERIE ST.

ERHARD & SCHIMKE. BREWERS AND BOTTLERS.

MASSILLON, O.



50 NEW STYLE CARRIAGES

Finest Selection Ever Shown in the City at

WILLAMAN'S FURNITURE

—AND—

Undertaking Rooms

42 and 44 S. Erie St.

IF YOU WANT TO SEE

Something Real Nice in
Woolens for Spring Wear,

Call on
LOWE, The Tailor,

Over 27 & 29 South Erie Opera Block.

REAL ESTATE BULLETIN.

For Sale—Residences
Four room house, South Erie street, corner lot, \$1,400.
Two lots on Wacker street, \$225.
Six roomed house, double lot, Richville Ave. \$1,500.
Seven roomed house, Wellman street, \$2,700.

For Rent.
Store room, Stone Block.
Store room in Opera Block, now occupied by Goodhart Bros. Possession given April 1st, 1891.

Business Property.
Ninety-two feet front on Erie street, on P. & W. & C. Ry., and Ohio canal. Unexcelled location for manufacturing.

Vacant Lots.
One lot on West Tremont street, \$400.
One lot on South Erie street, \$600.
Forty-two lots in Kent Jarvis' add. \$300 to \$4.

Nineteen lots in my Richville Ave. add. \$250.
One lot on South Erie street, in Julia M. Jarvis' subdivision, \$500.

One lot on East Main street, best lot on the street, \$2,100.

One lot just off West Tremont street, \$300.

Six lots near the C., L. & W. and L. & S. R. R. roads, \$800.

also have on my list many choice Western lands for sale or exchange, and many other bargains.

Easy Terms.

Long Time.

Low Interest.

CALL AND SEE ME.

JAS. R. DUNN,

MATTHEW BROS.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

GROCERIES

—AND—

PROVISIONS.

—ALL THE—

Best Grades of Flour

BUTTER, EGGS and POULTRY

a Specialty.

All Class of Goods in their Season.

Mill Feed and Baled Hay.

No. 2 W. Tremont St.

FOR Best Goods and Lowest Prices GO TO

The Enterprise

14 lbs. G. Sugar.....\$1 00

15 lbs A Sugar.....1 00

16 lbs Light Brown Sugar....1 00

Arbuckle's Coffee.....25

Dannamiller coffee.....25

Lion coffee.....25

All Leading Brands Coffee, 25

5 cans best Peaches.....\$1 00

5 cans best Apricots.....1 00

12 cans Tomatoes.....1 00

Good Broom.....10

Golden drip Syrup per gal.....35

Good Tea Per Pound 25

All other goods proportionally low.

Wm. A. PIETZCKER,

Proprietor,

No. 1, West Main Street.

Massillon, Ohio.

RUSSELL & CO.,

MASSILLON, OHIO.

—BUILERS OF—

Plain and Automatic Engines

BOILERS,

Thrashing Machines

AND ENGINES,

HORSE POWERS,

Saw Mills, Etc.

LAST EDITION.

SALMAGUNDI.

TO-DAY'S DOINGS IN THIS TOWN

Personal Notes and Brief Mention of Many Things.

THE WEATHER.—For Ohio—Saturday, rain or snow. Colder Sunday night.

Adam Clayman is at home on a visit.

Mrs. W. H. Vincent is visiting friends in Cleveland.

A physician reports a prevalence of influenza and la grippe.

Mr. A. A. Moore, of Pittsburg, spent Friday with Massillon friends.

Mrs. Nill and daughter Mary, of Center street, are visiting in Canton.

Messrs. Haymaker and John Wilson, of Canton, were in the city yesterday.

Misses Ella Gise, Ada Coleman and Anna Smith are spending a few days in Canton.

A. J. Sprague, of Toledo, president of the bridge company, is at the Hotel Conrad.

Mr. Edward A. Peacock, who has been ill for some time, in Chicago, reached home this morning.

Miss Lorena Graham went to Berlin Center this morning to visit her sister, Mrs. Jessie Stanley.

Miss Edith Ramsey, of Canton, is spending a few days with Miss Lillian Hamill, 94 Plum street.

The name of E. J. Hamill is brought out to-day, as a candidate for city council from the third ward.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Koons, handsomely entertained the Daughters of Rebekah, at their residence last night.

Isaac B. Dangler's name appears among the announcements to-day. He is a candidate for township treasurer.

Miss Ella Smith, of East South street, entertained last night. Tiddledy winks was the game, and over a dozen were present.

Mrs. Saybold, of Jackson township and Mrs. Samuel Willman, of Summit county, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Millard, West Tremont street.

The young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lowe, who has had scarlet fever for some time, is now afflicted with diphtheria, and is not likely to recover.

John O. Garrett slipped and fell on the icy sidewalk in front of Falke's store, while on his way home yesterday evening, and sustained a serious sprain of his left ankle.

John A. Bigelow, of Cleveland, a gentleman who visited Massillon frequently on business from seven to ten years ago, was in the city yesterday renewing acquaintances and friendships.

Mr. Will C. Russell is confined to his home in South Erie street with sickness which threatened an attack of paralysis, he having been afflicted with a slight attack last August. His condition is not at all dangerous, as was reported on the streets to-day.

A number of young ladies are organizing a social dancing club, dances to be given every week, alternately at the homes of the different members. Miss Ella Smith entertained the first party at her home in South East street, last evening. A name for the club has not as yet been determined upon.

The members of the local branch of the Mutual One Year Benefit Order, which was organized in this city last June, banqueted themselves in K. of P. hall last night. About fifty chairs were occupied around the festive board, and occasion was a pleasant and enjoyable one in every particular.

The four-year-old son of Wm. Schwartz in front street, had a narrow escape last evening from what might have been a serious accident. The child got hold of a pot of hot tea, put the spout in its mouth and poured a quantity down its throat before being discovered, burning the little fellow's throat pretty badly.

The procuring of subscriptions for stock in the proposed athletic association began yesterday morning and the project is meeting with more favor than was at first anticipated. Twenty-four of the needful fifty names have been signed and subscriptions apparently in sight will bring the total up to the number stated.

Councilman Dangler, and the board of trade special committee appointed to investigate street railways, met yesterday, and made arrangements to procure the ordinances of other cities, with a view to shaping one embracing the best features of all, as well as the local requisites. The expectation of visiting other towns as inspectors has about been given up.

The Equal Rights Association held a profitable monthly meeting yesterday, and considered a great many features of the movement. The uproarious manner in which congress adjourned was discussed at length, as illustrative of the emotional character of male legislators. Arguments used by Cataline centuries ago were brought to light and found to be identical with arguments produced to the disadvantage of women to-day.

Just sixteen little newsboys applied yesterday evening for savings bank pass books—an enterprise planned with the aid of the Union National bank, for the benefit of INDEPENDENT newsboys, and the first youngster to open an account was Frederick Kump, who started five cents on his career as a newsboy of interest. The savings department has been established for the purpose of inculcating habits of industry and thrift, and it promises to succeed. It is thought that about fifty boys will be saving their money, under this plan within a week.

AT THE COUNTY SEAT.

Snatches of News from City and the Court House.

CANTON, March 7.—Sheriff Kridner yesterday took to the penitentiary Mike Harrington and Mike Quigley. The former goes for three years, for horse stealing, and the latter for two years, for pocket picking.

The county commissioners have been engaged in hearing a Marlboro road case. Frank Eby presented a petition asking for the changing of the road from Marlboro to Harmony's Corners, a distance of about ninety rods. The change would benefit Eby, but would be a detriment to most of the other residents in the district, as it would lengthen the road about forty rods.

George Stolder has deserted his wife and child and left for parts unknown. They were married several years ago. Mrs. Stolder and her child have been taken to the infirmary. Her parents reside in Erie Pa.

State Auditor Poe places Stark county's share of the money refunded to the state by the provisions of the direct tax bill at \$20,251.89.

Daniel Reed and Ida Bordner, of New Berlin, and William Gonser and Sarah I. Bucher, of Canton, were granted licenses to wed.

Andrew McClintock has been appointed executor of the estate of Andrew Putman, of Sugar Creek township.

August Cunin was appointed executor of the estate of Martha Irvin, of Louisville.

OPERA HOUSE TALK.

Architect Oscar Cobb Plans One for Massillon.

It is well understood that a good theater is the best advertisement a town can have, and is always a good investment in a general business sense, even if the stock pays no dividends. But to secure direct returns is always the aim of promoters of such enterprises, and various methods are adopted to accomplish this result.

An opera house is always a central feature in a city of the size of Massillon, attracts people to the neighborhood, creates business, enhances values, and for this reason the site chosen should be as central as possible, and preferably on the main street, business thoroughfare, or adjacent thereto, so that stores built in connection with the opera house, which are always in demand, could be rented to the best advantage, and the revenue still further increased by offices on the second floor and a ball, perhaps, on the third floor, on the third floor. This is the plan that finds the greatest favor and is the most successful financially.

The increased revenue from rents will more than pay the increased cost of a good site, over one less favorable, and certainly \$35,000 to \$40,000 expended on a good building, with stores, offices and a good hall as accessories, will prove a better investment than \$20,000 for an opera house alone. The site chosen should have a street or alley on at least one side and rear, although the latter is not essential. This alley is needed as a drive-way to stage and give the necessary light, ventilation and exits to auditorium.

The requirements of an opera house differ even in cities of the same size manufacturing towns where wage sars paid weekly being the best patrons. A house for such a city with 11,000 population, and growing, should have a seating capacity of at least 1,000. The lot should be at least 60 feet wide, and if stores are built in front a depth of at least 150 feet, 100 feet being used for opera house, 35 feet for stage and 70 feet for auditorium, stairs, etc. Economy in construction would suggest what is known as a two tier house, that is, parquette and parquette on the ground floor, and on the next floor a balcony at the front with a gallery behind on the same line of sight but with separate entrances and exits.

Of ascent and ample exits provided on the side street to be used in case of emergencies. Nothing prevents panic so readily as this assurance of ample means of escape. Tickets should be sold to lower house and gallery from the same box office, but so arranged as to prevent the intermingling of the two classes of patrons.

Steam heat is the most desirable and would cost about \$1,200 for the opera house alone, while the stores and offices and halls could be heated at a cost of about \$800 additional. An opera house and business block of this kind would cost from \$35,000 to \$40,000 and the opera house alone from \$20,000 to \$25,000.

OSCAR COBB.

THE POSTOFFICE SITE.

Virtually no Contest over the Matter of Location.

W. B. Humbarger has returned from his flying trip to Washington, well satisfied with Major McKinley's assurance that the postoffice will remain where it is, for another term of five years.

The political gossipers have somewhat distorted the facts of the case.

There had been no effort made to have the office removed from Congressman Warwick's block, and as soon as Mr. Humbarger arrived with papers and petitions for its retention, a meeting was held by its patrons at interest present, and the one other proposition was withdrawn. Nothing in the nature of a contest disturbed the situation.

All things being equal, it was Major McKinley's personal wish that the office should remain in Mr. Warwick's building as a courtesy to Mr. Warwick, and he was therefore well pleased with the shape the matter took.

The precise terms of the new lease have not yet been fixed, but it may be stated that the old figure, one dollar a year, will not stand. The government will hereafter pay about the same as other lessees in the same vicinity.

HAVE YOU HEARD

That The Independent has located drop boxes in several parts of the city to accommodate those who desire to forward communications or want advertisements? These boxes may be found at E. C. Herbig's, Wagner & Knapp's, Waverly Hotel, M. J. W. H.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

THE AMERICAN SECTION IN THE PEASE COLLECTION.

Relics Found in the United States Corresponding to the Remains of Prehistoric Times in Continental Europe—A Local Group.

Readers of THE INDEPENDENT who followed the course of a description of the European specimens in the Pease collection, owned and assembled by Dr. A. Per Lee Pease, were then promised a corresponding article on the American group.

PREHISTORIC MAN NOW IN AMERICA.

The representatives of the paleolithic or first known stage of human progress in America, are few and far between, and Dr. Abbott of Trenton, New Jersey, has done more than any one man in America in establishing the fact that man lived on this continent in pre-glacial times.

His hypotheses are substantiated by the finding of many specimens himself, in the so called river drift at and near Trenton. This collection is favored in having a few of these specimens, made of argillite, removed from the matrix in which they were found, by the hands of the indefatigable archaeologist of Trenton, who is the author of numerous works on the subject of the archaeology of the Atlantic sea board in general, and state of New Jersey in particular. There are a few specimens of argillite also in the collection, which have been pronounced by visiting collectors as presenting all the salient peculiarities of the river drift implements, but unfortunately nothing of a very definite nature can be learned as to the locality in which they were found, by whom, or when, or in what geological formation—all very interesting items to collectors, who see in their specimens much more than the vulgar satisfaction of ownership.

SPECIMENS FROM A DOZEN STATES.

Neolithic or polished stone epoch—the specimens which represent this age can be numbered by the thousands, and their geographical derivation extends from Massachusetts to California and from Illinois to Louisiana, embracing most of the states of the union. The most numerous are the arrow heads, varying in size from one-third inch to three inches in length. They are made of chert, Jasper, chalcedony, obsidian, or volcanic glass and many other formations allied to the flint family. No two have ever been discovered that are exactly alike. The spear heads show as wide a range in material and shape and vary in length from three to nine inches. One card of spear heads has twelve specimens upon it, the longest being six inches and the longest nine and a half inches. On another card are several large specimens of brown chert, all found in mounds, one being a spade fourteen inches long, and the others hoes all in perfect condition and with a smooth and polished appearance at their inferior edges which testify to a long continued use. The axes and implements used for skinning animals and preparing the skins for wearing apparel, for wedges etc., are numerous and show a wide diversity as to size, form and material.

A RELIC FROM FT. LAURENS.

There are several fine mortars and pestles, some found in mounds; one found in California in drilling for water fifty feet below the surface of the ground. It is of a hard stone which resembles quartzite and is perfect, excepting a groove made on the edge of one of the drills. One of the implements found in a mound in Georgia, which would hold four quarts of liquid. One mortar and pestle were found at Ft. Laurens, Tuscarawas county, O., near the village of Bolivar, probably used by the Indians at that place when it was a trading post before and during the revolution. Both were dug out of the ground and a few feet from each other, but as the pestle fits the mortar as if it were moulded for it, the conclusion that they belonged together is legitimate.

There are several fine specimens of mound pottery, others that are more or less broken, and others still that are only fragmentary. They are water bottles, bowls, etc., and form a very interesting feature of the collection. There is a number of pipes, some from mounds and others found on the surface or a few feet below it, and some of them very fine as to mechanical execution—all interesting. There are beads and other ornaments of bone, many from mounds. One large ornament is of mammoth or mastodon ivory, no other animal being large enough to furnish a piece of that size. It was found with many more of a similar kind in a mound in Anguize county. It is circular and flat in shape, with a large central perforation. There is a large sphere of stone which was found in a large mound southeast of Newark, O., together with four smaller ones of the same shape, a number of flint and stone implements, human crania and other bones, as well as a load of ashes and carbonized fragments of wood.

CAVE DWELLERS NEAR MASSILLON.

Several large cards of specimens taken from a cave dwelling in Tuscarawas county, were kindly donated by H. A. Kitzmiller. Among them are flint and stone tools, bones of human beings, and wild animals and birds, shells of edible bivalves, pieces of pottery and a reindeer horn. One is struck by the similarity between these by the similarity between them, and the contents of the caves in Europe. There are more or less perfect crania and other bones of the mound builders from various localities, and two large disc shaped stones found in a mound near Hot Springs, Ark., the smaller lying upon the larger, surrounded by ashes and carbonized wood. There are ornaments of all kinds of slate, many of them supposed to have been used to designate rank. It is impossible to give a detailed account of a collection of this size, but the above will convey some idea of it, inadequate though it is.

Combination Chair and Stool.

I will be in the city for a few days with more of these convenient combination chairs and stools.

Any person wishing one can leave the order at No. 26 North Mill street. ISAAC SIEGFRIED.

Pure new maple sugar 15c. per pound at Martin & Vogt's.

MONTHLY HEALTH REPORT.

Only Ten Deaths Reported in the Month of February.

There have been reported to the health officer for the month of February, 1891, 20 births, 10 males and 10 females. This is incomplete; the births are not all reported. Some are reported in so careless a manner that the names and other items required cannot be read, and names are extremely difficult to guess at successfully. An illegible report ought to be considered a discredit to the reporter and it stands on the record to his discredit, being worthless in exact proportion as he is careless or slovenly in filling the blanks. These records of births are so important that it is hoped that people will soon insist on the reports being full and correct.

There have been 10 deaths in the month of February, 1891, within the city limits of Massillon. The causes of death as reported were as follows:

Consumption, 3.

Exhaustion, 1.

Apoplexy, 1.

Heart disease, 1.

PRESS AND PLATFORM.

FACTS AND FANCIES FROM WRITERS.
PLANS FROM CAPTAINS.

A second edition of "A Strike of Millionaires Against Miners," by Henry D. Lloyd, is just out. This scorching "Open Letter to the Millionaires" has been revised and enlarged, and an added chapter entitled "Revenge, Not Reply," brings the story of the Spring Valley tragedy down to the beginning of the present year. When the accounts of the outrages perpetrated upon the miners of Spring Valley were given to the public through Mr. Lloyd's articles in the Chicago Herald, and afterward in his book, many of the leading journals of the country called for the millionaires' side, but William L. Scott, president, and his business associates in the Spring Valley Coal company have maintained "a dignified silence" on the subject. By ignoring the charges made by Mr. Lloyd, the company has confessed their truth, and, in the words of a leading New York paper, under date of July 1, 1890, "The Spring Valley mine owners have been guilty of damnable treachery and cruelty to their fellow men."

It will be remembered that the long lockout at Spring Valley, during which the miners and their families faced starvation and other hardships, was ended by a partial resumption of work in the mines. An agreement was made between the managers and men which left to the latter little more than the right to live. But that agreement, one sided as it was, has been grossly violated by the company. Men who were prominent in the miners' union have been victimized and blacklisted; others were punished by refusal of work for more than one-third of the time, and by being compelled to dig where they could not make \$15 a month. Innumerable ways the company's agents have abused the men and violated the agreement, and Spring Valley has become the synonym for all that is unjust, hard fisted and cruel.

"This," says Mr. Lloyd, "is the answer of the millionaires—their only answer, either to the public or their employees. Along the route they marked out from the very first they roll their way. Those over whom they drive have groaned aloud, and because they groaned the wheels are but made heavier and sharper. For the 'right to make all we can,' you who made Spring Valley have done these things. Incredible as it appears, the events of the twelve months that have elapsed since the 'settlement' with the men seem to make it clear that the protests of your men and the indignation of the public have but moved you to greater harshness. Bad as was what had been done before the light was let in on Spring Valley, that which has been done since has been still worse. Evidently you consider that anything you choose to call your business cannot be the public's business. Royal families sitting on thrones and swaying scepters of kingly power do not think it beneath them to write 'I serve' on their crests, but all of you appear to have taken up the motto first adopted by the richest among you—"The public be damned."

"A Web of Gold" is Katherine Pearson Woods' latest. It is also her least, up to date. "Metzerott, Shoemaker," and "The Mark of the Beast" are the others. In each of these books Miss Woods has reared her structures of romance upon economic ground, and has chosen her heroes from among the workers. Hence her stories are classed under the head of "Labor," which is now a recognized department in the field of fiction. As a social study, "A Web of Gold" is below the standard; it is inferior to its author's other productions. "Metzerott," while not a great work, presents an interesting example in practical co-operation which cannot fail to make an impression upon thoughtful readers, and in several of its characters shows us what life would be if men were guided by wisdom and brotherly love.

In "A Web of Gold" there appears to be a greater striving after the laurels of the novelist than was before shown by this author. The romance is not simply incidental to the economic study; it is the chief thing, and it isn't much above the average of the weekly story paper. It is true that there are constant reminders of the unfairness of the existing social system, but the manner in which the labor question and labor organizations are dealt with is very unsatisfactory. One good lesson is presented to anarchists, in which they are given to understand that their ideas can only be adopted after the co-operative commonwealth has been established and has run its race. And a warning is issued to railroad monopolists through the fate of Nathaniel Hazard, whose business worries drove him crazy. But as Gould, Hutchinson & Co. are not likely to read the book they will not be warned.

"A Web of Gold" is full of weak points, but while it may not prove a valuable contribution to the literature of the movement it will do no harm. Miss Woods gave promise in her first book of arising in time above the ordinary, and of rendering valuable service in the work of education, but she has evidently gone too fast. She should take more time and make closer studies than is evidenced in her latest story. Trashy love yarns may be ground out in a day, but the greatest problem of our time requires and demands close study and deep research on the part of most novelists.

In a recent issue of Kate Field's Washington there appeared an article signed Caroline Gray Lingle. It was intended

as a sort of obituary of all theories of social reform. Mr. Bellamy's scheme is distasteful because it bucks against our glorious individual liberty. Gen. Booth's plan is impracticable for the reason that the people it is designed to help have been brought to their destitute condition because of their restiveness under the restraints of the civil law, and therefore they will not submit to a disciplined society. Bondareff's claim that each man should till the soil for a sufficient part of each year to provide bread for himself and his household is not sound, because, forsooth, "it is against the inclinations of human nature." This is the way some wise people dispose of weighty questions.

But this woman knows just why all the propositions of the "would-be regenerators" are bosh and nonsense. Let her tell it: "The constitution of society is not the result of chance, but a necessary and inevitable thing. It has hardened around the human character and taken its form from it. While the old vices and cruelties and injustices remain in the individual, society will show the same faults." This is a dark picture, but she who painted it is not entirely without hope, if she doesn't have any regard for consistency. She says, "When we have evolved a better humanity, a better society will be already here."

To regenerate society we must improve humanity; but, according to Caroline, humanity refuses to be improved, and will continue to refuse. The constitution of society is hardened because of its contact with hardened humanity; the former cannot, and the latter will not be softened. This would leave us in a pretty bad fix if it was all so; but it isn't. We will gradually adopt what is good out of the schemes of the "would-be regenerators," and the highly inflated individualists will take their medicine whether they like it or not. Absolute perfection in societary relations is not expected at an early day, but something akin to justice is bound to come ere long. The people have said it.

Sauce for the goose isn't sauce for the gander, according to the members of the National Association of Builders. This organization, composed of the richest contractors in the country, held its annual convention in New York city recently. At the session the subject of arbitration as a means of preventing strikes was discussed. One of the members expressed the prevailing sentiment of the association when he said: "The most serious aspect of strikes is the interference of the strikers with the rights of their employers and their attempts to obstruct workmen in taking the abandoned places. Of course where actual physical violence is used the law fixes upon the guilty individuals a liability to its full extent; but the question becomes more difficult of answer where the means used are the intimidation of employers of prospective workmen by threats of bodily harm or by any method of intimidation that works upon the mind rather than upon the body, and really causes the non-striking workman to forego or to be discharged from his employment."

This gentleman would have a gag law passed and enforced which would prevent unjustly treated workmen from appealing to other workmen who were tempted to help the bosses starve their brothers into submission. A guard of Pinkertonesque pattern should be placed around the mind of the workingman, so that the grievances of strikes may not enter and make an impression. The bosses may have their oath bound organizations, pledging each member to stand by his fellow member in case of strike or boycott, and may exact heavy fines for violations of the principle, but the workingman must stand alone, and not attempt to influence the body or mind of his fellow laborer. This is the kind of doctrine the "captains of industry" try to force down the people's throats; but it won't work. Most of the gudegones have moved over the river. The convention adopted a resolution favoring arbitration, but it will be well to wait until about the middle of the summer before expressing an opinion on that point. The spring will present plenty of opportunities to test the sincerity of the bosses. I am free to confess that I doubt it.

One other question which occupied the N. A. B. at its late session was that of apprentices. The bosses want to put on enough apprentices to remove "the necessity of drafts on foreign labor." How dear to the hearts of these gentlemen are the American workmen. Now, what is the real object of this agitation of the apprentice question? Why, the bosses want to employ boys to do the lighter work at about one-fifth of the wages demanded by journeymen. It is well understood that in almost all skilled employments there are portions of the work which can be done by those with little experience—there's where the mechanic may ease up a little on the strain. If this part of the work is done entirely by helpers and apprentices the demand for skilled men is lessened and competition between them for the reduced number of situations is heightened. At the same time the bosses are turning out half made mechanics, who are carefully educated to a low scale of wages. The unions of this country generally have very reasonable rules governing apprenticeships, and the manual training schools, which are becoming so numerous and popular, can be trusted to make up any deficiencies that may occur in the skilled labor market in the near future. At present there isn't one important trade in this country that is not overcrowded, and all this talk about the necessity for "drafts on foreign labor" is balderdash.

JOE B. BUCHANAN.

THE EMPTY HOUSE.

The rain fell heavily last night—
I gazed across the street in vain,
Mad hope, to see your flickering light
Shine in the lonely room again.
A tempest shook the house last night,
The torrents beat against your room;
And not a star peeped from the height;
Your house was silent as the tomb.

I wept the hours away last night,
O night more wretched than the day;
Not doubting but with morning light
To see your face across the way.
The curtains were not drawn aside,
No face leant smiling on the sill;
The rain still fell, the bleak winds sighed,
Your house was desolate and still.

—New York Tribune.

THE NEW TYPEWRITER.

Mr. Bulles, the broker, had a new typewriter. He made his head clerk try the different applicants and test their skill and engage the best one. The one the head clerk engaged was a large, impressive looking woman of much beauty and with the haughtiness of a duchess. She dressed well and richly, and her manner when sitting before her machine was that of a grand woman of society who condescended to play occasionally on the piano. She had much the air of a woman who was employing the men in the office to take care of her millions and make out her accounts. Mr. Bulles always felt as though he ought to ask her permission to smoke, and was almost afraid to ask her to take down any of his correspondence. What work he dared to give her she did as well as it could be done, so he had nothing against her except her pride. He determined finally to break down her pride. He had been uncomfortably impressed with her dignity; now she should learn what it was to feel that way toward him.

So the next morning he called her in, and after dictating a few business letters he said: "Now, on the smaller paper, please. Are you ready? Let me see." He mused as he bit carelessly at the top of his cigar and gazed out of the window.

"Dear Jim," he began. "Thanks very much, but it will be quite impossible. I have positively refused to go into political life in any capacity, and though the position of minister to so important a city as St. Petersburg to succeed Smith is highly complimentary, I could not leave New York and my work. Tell the president in the proper official language that he is very good, but that he must look for some one else. Give my best love to Mrs. Blaine, and accept my condolences at the loss of your house. Yours,

"The Hon. James G. Blaine, Washington, D. C."

The typewriter girl took this down with a calm, untroubled countenance; her severity of demeanor was absolutely unchanged. "Is that all?" she asked. "Yes," said Bulles weakly—"yes, I believe that is all." He was not to be put down by a little thing like that, and called her in again during the afternoon and dictated the following note:

"DELMONICO'S: Will you reserve one of the largest private dining rooms for me this evening and prepare supper for 100? I find my rooms are too small, and will have to have one of yours. Serve the same supper as ordered and prepare floor for dancing. You can go to any length in the matter of decoration, but keep the cost of the flowers down to \$1,000. Yours truly,"

The other note was:

"DEAR OLD MAN: I should be very glad to accept, but Tuxedo never did agree with my digestion. Certainly, you can have all the horses you want. The two leaders are in town, but I will have them sent out to you. I think the price you offer for the coach is reasonable, and I will let you have it for that, as I am going to give up coaching and get a yacht. Yours,"

The third note was:

"DEAR MR. BURGESS: The designs arrived yesterday and were beauties. I am sure, if looks go for anything, that she should beat anything afloat. I hope you are right in what you say about her being a better boat than the Mayflower, and I will certainly follow your suggestion and enter her when completed for the cup. Yours truly,"

Mr. Bulles said: "That will do. When they are finished let me see them." He thought he detected a slight unbending in the superior manner of the young woman, but he was not too hopeful. "Of those don't impress her," he said, "I'll write a letter of regret to the queen tomorrow, and one to Gladstone, telling him I can't come over this summer to spend August with him." When the girl brought in the letters, finished and ready for his signature, he tossed them carelessly aside and said: "I will sign them later, and I'll post them myself." He signed them and slipped them in their envelopes under his other papers, where the clerks might not see them, and planned more for the future. On the day following he refused three invitations to dine with distinguished people, ordered an architect to call and see him about building a country house at Newport, and wrote to order a diamond necklace.

The typewriter girl began to take a little more interest, and said "Yes, sir," instead of simply "Yes," which was something. He felt that he was getting on.

But on the fourth day she appeared with even a colder and more haughty air, and laid three letters down upon his desk. She always opened his mail for him, and divided the private notes from the business letters. "Here," she said, "are three notes which I did not know whether to hand to you or to the clerk." Bulles glanced at the bottom of one of them and read the name "Charles Burgess." The note ran:

"HENRY BULLES—Dear Sir: I am in receipt of a note signed by you and bearing the number of your office, which refers to a yacht and an imaginary correspondence which has passed between

us on the subject of such a yacht. As I do not know you or anything of any such yacht I can only imagine that some one is imposing upon you, and return you your letter. Yours truly,

"CHARLES BURGESS."

Mr. Bulles grew exceedingly red and dared not look up. He wondered how far the girl had read. The second note said:

"The private dining room and supper ordered by you for Tuesday evening were prepared and in readiness for you as directed, but no one appeared. Are we to understand that there has been a mistake, or is your letter, which we have retained, to be considered in the nature of a hoax, or has some one forged your name? Awaiting your reply, etc.,

"DELMONICO'S."

Mr. Bulles sank still farther into his chair. He opened the last letter with a trembling hand. The girl still towered above him like an avenging spirit.

The letter was from a friend and contained a clipping from a newspaper. "Dear Hen," the note ran. "Have you seen this Associated Press clipping, and what in Heaven's name does it mean? Some one has evidently been playing a practical joke on you, and one that must strike you as a most unpleasant one."

The clipping read as follows:

IS HENRY BULLES INSANE?
THE WELL-KNOWN NEW YORK BROKER GIVES HIS FRIENDS GREAT CONCERN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., —The secretary of state is in receipt of a most remarkable communication from Henry Bulles, the New York broker, in which that gentleman refuses to act as minister to St. Petersburg with much haughtiness. He is quite unknown to either the president or Mr. Blaine, and it is supposed here that his mind is unsettled or that he is the victim of a practical joke.

Mr. Bulles laid the clipping down and gazed desperately at the typewriter girl. "Did you post those letters?" he asked. "Yes," said the duchess severely. "I found them on your desk after you had left, and supposed you had forgotten them, so I posted them myself. Wasn't that right?"

"I guess," said Mr. Bulles, "that I won't need you any longer. You know too much."

"That," said the typewriter girl calmly, "strikes me as the very reason why I should remain. Don't you think so? You can say you have been made the victim of a practical joke, but if I lost my position I might say you had not. Don't you think you had better raise my salary a little and let me stay?"

Mr. Bulles gazed gloomily at the newspaper clipping on the desk before him. "Yes," he said grimly, "you had better stay." —New York Evening Sun.

Peculiarities of the Gulf Stream.

This river is very warm because it comes from the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean sea, where the sun has been heating it for a long time. Of course after it has left its southern home, and is making its journey across the Atlantic, it is gradually becoming cooler, but, nevertheless, it maintains to the shores of Europe, even well up toward the Arctic regions, a much higher temperature than that of the surrounding air or water.

It has its own finny inhabitants and other animal life; curious little fish and crabs that make nests in the floating seaweed; beautiful little jelly fish called thimble fish, floating or swimming near its surface in such countless numbers that at times the waters are brown with them; and the graceful flying fish, which dart out of the water in schools; and countless myriads of minute animal life floating about, so that when the sun is shining high in the heavens, the water seems to be filled with motes. These little things, dying, sink to the bottom, and their diminutive skeletons or shells go to form an ooze, which, if exposed to the air and to pressure, resembles chalk.

This ocean river is quite unlike the rivers of the land in point of size. The Mississippi, at a point below its lowest tributary, is about 2,000 feet wide and 100 feet deep. At places it is wider than this, but there it is shallower. The Gulf stream, at its narrowest point in the Strait of Florida, is more than 2,000 feet deep and over 40 miles wide.—Lieut. J. E. Pillsbury.

Counterfeit Currency.

"More counterfeit money is in actual circulation than people in general believe," remarked a teller in one of Chicago's leading banks recently. "Of course only the better class of counterfeiters remain in circulation, and even then do not pass undetected long. The detection of a counterfeit bill, however, does not retire it from circulation by any means. A grocer, for instance, who finds a five dollar counterfeit bill in his money drawer at night, is liable to argue that he cannot well afford to lose the amount, and also that a counterfeit which was good enough to deceive him is good enough to deceive some one else.

"The next day some customer gets it in change, and ten to one it is passed through a dozen hands before the discovery is again made that it is bogus. But its mission does not end here. Perhaps the last holder of the bill can tell who paid it to him. If so the counterfeit starts to retrace its course, but it rarely goes very far before it stops, and the whole scheme is worked over again. We frequently have counterfeit money offered for deposit. A merchant may bring in several hundred dollars, and among the bills is a single counterfeit. Of course it is thrown out as soon as it is discovered. But where does it go? Into the hands of the man that brought it in. Does he destroy it? Perhaps, if he is a scrupulously honest man." —Chicago Mail.

A Terrible Suggestion.

Wife (tearfully)—I've lost dear little Fido, John! I've tried the Dogs' home, but he is not there.

Husband (brutally)—Have you tried the sausage manufacturer's? —London Tit-Bits.

JEALOUS OF UNCLE SAM.

AMERICAN POLICY THE "ENVY OF ENGLAND AND OF EUROPE."

What Protection Has Done for the United States—Debts of Various Nations Are Increased While Ours Decreases—Our Splendid Financial Rating.

There would seem to be no doubt as to where The London Times stands on the question of Protection and Free-trade. No public journal on either hemisphere has been or is now more pronounced in opposition to the one or in support of the other of these policies than has that recognized mouthpiece of British sentiment. Hence the special significance of whatever that journal says on public questions. In discussing the condition of the United States, as shown by its financial and statistical reports in 1890, The Times said:

"The finances of the United States may excite the envy not only of England, but of Europe."

This extraordinary concession by the leading journal of England and the Old World was made twenty years after the abandonment of the policy of Free-trade and the adoption of Protection by the United States, of which period not less than ten years was covered by actual devastating civil war and severe financial embarrassment inevitable with such great struggle, and but one year after our government was enabled to undertake payment of its vast indebtedness.

No country in history ever passed through experiences better calculated severely to test every quality of its financial and business policy than did the United States during the twenty years preceding the utterance by The Times. The policy of Protection, if unfavorable to national prosperity, could not have conditions more favorable to the development of such influence than Protection did here from 1861 to 1890. Hence The Times could not have more emphatically recognized the beneficent results of such policy than when it cited it as the "envy not only of England, but of Europe."

Another feature of this case is the fact that at the outset of the rebellion The Times expressed most contemptuous estimate of the financial condition and prospects of the United States. It referred to a report that Amsterdam capitalists were investing in our bonds, that a paper there stated that no money could be had in London on such securities, even at 50 per cent. on the dollar, the price paid in gold by the Dutch investors for 6 per cent. bonds. Long before the year 1890 English capitalists were glad enough to get 3 per cent. United States bonds at 100 cents on the dollar in gold. This fact alone fully justifies the estimate above quoted.

As further warrant for The Times' appreciation of American financial policy may be given the following statement of the national indebtedness of various European countries in 1865 and 1879 (reduced to gold standard), as compared with like statement for the United States in 1865 and 1880—to wit:

	1865.	1879.
Germany.....	\$610,470,000	\$1,047,200,000
Austria-Hungary.....	1,473,250,000	2,005,150,000
France.....	2,646,500,000	3,357,000,000
Great Britain.....	3,848,460,000	3,704,470,000
Russia.....	680,080,000	2,556,000,000
Italy.....	871,080,000	1,944,460,000
Spain.....	669,000,000	2,460,000,000
Netherlands.....	414,130,000	890,320,000
Belgium.....	119,000,000	396,072,000
Denmark.....	45,230,000	48,790,000
Sweden.....	21,430,000	57,130,000
Norway.....	9,014,000	24,990,000
Portugal.....	180,400,000	362,700,000
Greece.....	34,510,000	65,200,000
Turkey, Europe.....	228,480,000	1,100,000,000
Turkey, Asia.....	962,000	90,960,000
Switzerland.....	714,000	6,664,000
Totals.....	\$12,503,630,000	\$30,585,096,000

United States..... \$2,756,691,571 \$1,830,019,594

It is here shown that during the periods named over \$8,000,000,000, or 60 per cent., was added to the indebtedness of Europe, while the United States paid over \$870,000,000, or one-third of its public debt. In 1895 this country owed more than any other nation in the world, Great Britain alone excepted. In 1880 it owed less than France, Great Britain, Russia, Spain, Austria-Hungary, or even Italy. And this under the policy of Protection to home industry, the cause of so much "envy, not only of England, but of Europe."

Furthermore, it is found that during the period above given (1865 to 1879) the annual expenditures of substantially the same European governments advanced from \$1,898,288,000 to \$2,788,646,000, or over 50 per cent., that of Great Britain being \$85,680,000, while the expenditures of the United States were reduced from \$300,000,000 to \$267,642,957, or over 10 per cent. It may also here be stated that the financial statement for 1890 shows that the public debt of the United States has been further reduced to one-fourth that of 1865, and all under the unchanged policy of Protection. What meantime has been the further increase of British or European indebtedness cannot here be stated.

In view of such facts can it be a matter of surprise that United States bonds, from rating below those of every government in Europe (even those of obscure duchies), should have taken position at the head of public securities in the market of the world? And all this, let it be borne in mind, took place under the most thorough system of tariff Protection the country ever had. Can we do better than to "let well enough alone?"

The Poetry That Pays.

Poet (opening his mail)—Great Scott! The Squenchery has refused my noble poem beginning,

Wild through the lonely chambers of my soul—
Poet's Wife (opening her mail)—Never mind, my dear; here's \$10 from The Warm Overland for a trifle I sent it beginning,

You bet your boots, old pard, that's not —Black and White.

AMERICAN STANDARD OF WAGES.

Effects of Free Importation of Foreign Labor and of Foreign Products.

No feeling is stronger in the human breast than love of country. Men are bound to their native soil by family ties, business connections, local attachments and sacred memories almost beyond their will to break. On the other hand, there are dangers of ocean travel, the aversion to a strange language and people to deter foreigners from emigrating to an unknown shore. Hence the inducement must be strong indeed which will entice a European workman to this country.

So long as the rewards of labor are, say, twice as great in America, some laborers will come to take advantage of such favorable conditions. But so soon as their number becomes great enough to reduce the difference between the American and the foreign wage rate, say, ten per cent., immediately the inducement to emigrate will cease to be sufficient to overcome the powerful forces which bind them to their homes. Hence free immigration of labor cannot, although it tends to that end, reduce American wages to the foreign level.

The products of labor come under entirely different laws. There is no comparison between a human soul, with its manifold sensibility, and an insensate bale of cloth, which knows no ties of kindred, but seeks the point of highest prices as unerringly as water flows toward the lower level. If a workman may be allowed to remain in Europe and from there to compete with American labor by shipping the products of his skill over here free of duty, to compete with American products, it is clear that the price of the latter, if they successfully compete, must be no higher than the imported wares. Hence the wages of the labor embraced in the American bale of cloth must be no higher than that which made the English cloth, since both must sell at the same price.

This is the explanation of the phenomenon, visible to all who have eyes to see, of a high American standard of wages in the face of the free importation of foreign labor. How much more effective the competition of this labor is when embodied in products which can be quickly and cheaply shipped to all points of the civilized world is illustrated by the uniformity in the prices of these products—that is, of stored up labor—in all Free-trade markets of the world.

Cheap Agriculture Due to Protection.

Another great advantage that is directly due to the same cause is our own cheap agricultural products. Through the high wages and increasing population in the manufacturing districts our agricultural population has had a varied market created for it so large and varied as to warrant the use of the best agricultural machinery in the world. By this means, without reducing wages, we can now supply agricultural products not only as cheap, but cheaper—I. e., more for a dollar—than any other country in the world, and pay our laborers in that industry more than twice as much as the agricultural laborers in England and three times as much as those in any other country.

This is solely due to the fact that in the United States, with our large farms and improved machinery, we can produce 920 bushels of wheat to each farm laborer. In Great Britain they can only produce 540 bushels per man; in Germany, 245; in France, 220; in Austria, 180; in Spain, 16; in Russia, 15; in Italy, 14. Nor are these facts taken from an American Protectionist authority, "Muhlhall's History of Prices, 1885," page 81. And I may add that he frankly admits that our large and cheap production with high wages is due to our superior machinery.

By this means we are able to sell breadstuffs in Europe cheaper than they can be produced there with their low paid labor, the result of which is that the landed aristocracy in England and Ireland has been compelled to reduce their rents from 20 to 30 per cent. the last ten years. Thus through our Protective policy we have been able not only to develop the capacity to produce manufactured products as cheap as low wage paying countries, but we have also been able to give them cheaper food with our high paid labor than they can produce with their cheap labor, thus not only benefiting ourselves, but benefiting other countries also, all of which would have been impossible if our manufacturers had been checked in their earliest stages. Indeed, it is not too much to say that if there had been nothing done to protect the opportunities for developing our manufacturing industries, we should have been today an agricultural country with a population of about twenty-five millions, a small home market, and therefore using traditional methods of production and occupying a second or third rate position in civilization.—George Gunton.

Old English Customs.

Railway ticket offices still retain the old name of "booking office," which was appropriate enough in the coaching days, when the names of intending passengers were literally booked.

Another curious survival is the practice of eating game and venison "high." We never eat poultry or beef and mutton "high," but game and venison used to be sent long distances and be a considerable time on the road, so that they could not be received in a fresh state. Hence it became customary and even fashionable to eat them "high," and the practice has endured to the present day.

Then there is the old fashioned greeting, "God be with ye." Perhaps not all know that the meaningless words "good-by" are a compression of the above pious wish. —London Tit-Bits.

A BRAVE DEED.

He Knew the Crowd He Had to Deal With.

Madly flew the sleigh over the trackless prairies. It needed not the lash that the frantic driver was using with all his energy to urge the frightened horses to the top of their speed. The blood curdling howls of the wolves that grew momentarily nearer and nearer lent wings to the panting animals, and they tore along over snowy wastes, every muscle strained to its utmost, every nerve quivering, their nostrils dilated, their eyes starting from their sockets, and long trails of filmy vapor from their steaming bodies following in their wake.

"Comrades," said one of the men in the sleigh, rising up, pale, but with iron resolution written in every line of his face, "the wolves are gaining upon us. In five minutes more, unless they are checked, we are all lost. If we had ten minutes we could reach that farm house yonder, but we cannot do it. There is only one hope. One of us must sacrifice himself for the others. Farewell!"

Before they could stop him he had thrown himself out of the sleigh and disappeared.

On flew the horses. The sleigh, relieved of the weight of the brave man who had voluntarily offered himself a sacrifice to the bloodthirsty animals to save the lives of his friends, went perceptibly faster. A few minutes later and they dashed into the yard surrounding the little farm house. They were saved!

But how had it fared with that dauntless, unselfish hero?

Will it be believed? The gaunt, hungry wolves, diverted from the pursuit of the sleigh, had no sooner surrounded him than they seemed to regard him as a friend. They smelt of him, fawned upon him with every demonstration of delight, and one of the boldest and fiercest of the whole pack, evidently the leader, offered him his paw as if to shake hands with him, looked at the sleigh, now too far away to be overtaken, shook his head slowly, turned about and trotted away, followed by all the rest. The fierce, bloodthirsty wolves had recognized in this man a kindred spirit.

He was a Kansas City real estate agent. —Chicago Tribune.

Somehow It Did Not Work.

"I don't know whether they do it intentionally or not," thoughtfully remarked young Jack Kanebiter at the club the other night, "but somehow these newspapers pass around an awful lot of unreliable information."

"How's that, old chappie?" inquired Freddie Choker, his running mate.

"Why, I saw in The Examiner last week that a poor young fellow in Chicago borrowed an umbrella of a bank president, and the next day returned it."

"A awful lie, that."

"Oh! but he did, really. He walked into the bank the very next day and returned it. The president was so much astonished that he called the young man back and made him his cashier at a whopping salary."

"Because he was so extra honest, eh?"

"Exactly. Well, you see, I thought it was a big scheme, and that I'd work the same racket before the other boys got on to it."

"Boss idea."

"So I rushed around to the Nevada bank and asked old Hellman to loan me an umbrella. I heard there was going to be a directors' meeting the next day, and I intended to return the umbrella right in the midst of it, so as to paralyze the entire outfit; see?"

"What did old Moneybags say?"

BILL NYE AS A FIREMAN.

THE PRECARIOUS CONDITION OF THE VILLAGE OF BILGEWATER.

William Gives a Brief Insight Into the Harrowing Relationship Between the Department and Mr. Teeter—Life as a Volunteer Fireman.

(Copyright by Edgar W. Nye.)

A very disastrous fire occurred night before last in the village of Bilgewater, on Staten Island, destroying valuable property belonging to our fellow townsman, Mr. Cicero Teeter, whose summer home is at Jimenezburg-by-the-Sea, and who spends the winter here. Mr. Teeter belongs to one of our best families and in Holland, as also do his haughty and high bred horses, each of the latter of which points with pardonable pride, by means of his well decked and wind tossed tail, to his lineage high.



WALKING TO TEETER'S FIRE.

We must, before going any further, state that the trustees of the village of Bilgewater and three companies of the fire ladders are not on good terms. The trustees and these firemen dislike each other very much indeed, and as Mr. Teeter is a trustee it is said that his loss is much greater than it would have been had his name even been Dennis instead of Cicero. The fire companies are all composed of volunteers, and as they pay dues and fines and put out fires at their own expense they feel rather independent about where they will show the most zeal.

The trustees have an appropriation which they handle each year according to the dictates of their own consciences, which is supposed to go to the fire department, but this year they do not hand it over without the duly receipted bills of the department to show that the money has not been misappropriated. This makes the fire ladders hot, for they own their machines and board themselves. A fire laddie hates to have his whiskers singed off and his nose frozen so stiff that in blowing it the whole forward part of the nose may crack and fall off, but still worse he hates on top of all this to have his motives impugned. The fire laddie suffers, but he never weeps. He says to the trustees of the village of Bilgewater: "We, especially members of Unparalleled Squire No. 1, have put up with about all we care to stand, and so we shall soon offer our nice red trucks and blue ladders for sale. If you are afraid that we will fool away your appropriation on axle grease for our engine or rat poison for our engine house, and you dare not trust us out of sight, we will pause before we rescue your abnormally plain hired girl from the blazing rafters of your burning buildings. You have asked us for our ultimatum, and we inclose one herewith which we have never used. It is a nice, bright, new ultimatum, with a snapper on the end of it. Use it carefully and it will last you a long time."

Then the trustees appealed to the patriotism of the fireladdies, saying: "Surely you will not go and sell your bright red trucks and things to a comparative stranger, and then on the Fourth of July have no machine to haul around past the Dutch pond and along the Fingerbowl road. Come, now, boys, don't act that way!"

With this state of affairs, which has been unchanged for several weeks, it is not strange that when the shrill cry of fire burst forth from the massive throat of Mr. Teeter, at 11:47 on the above night, several volunteer firemen coyly looked out at window and then went back to bed again.

"Help! help! I will no one save me!" cried the haughty official as he stepped on a cold, top rubber ball with his bare foot, and shrieked again till the affrighted night caught up the refrain, and two men who were passing by on their way to catch a boat almost stopped to see what the matter was.

By this time the forked flames began to lick their chops and reach out for combustible material. The fire fiend soon discovered, for it was but the work of a moment, that the building was fireproof, so there would be nothing to prevent not only gutting it but actually wiping it from the face of the earth.

Sending the hired man (after tipping him) to the nearest drug store to telephone the fire department, Mr. Teeter began to twist the tail of the fire fiend alone, meantime only pausing long enough to shriek or take a sip of mince pie flavoring which stood on the escritoire.

Just then some neighbors came by on their way home from the city where they had held a theatre party conversation. The ladies were in full dress, and the full orbed moon came out, took a good square look at them and hastily retired behind a large, cool cloud. The gents wore, also, each a bran pneumonia suit of full dress, and all remained several moments watching the fire.

"Who lives here?" asked one gent who had caught himself not to show any emotion.

"I think Teeter lives here," said one of the party, "but I do not know them. We have never called on them, for we cannot really find out whether they came here first or we."

"Oh, well, then, if you are not acquainted, let us not fool away any more time here. Come, Waterloo!"

"Waterloo, you mean," said a bright young lobster dealer who happened to be passing by at the time, and who is known as the vag and raconteur of Toad Hill.

By this time the hired man had returned and said that the telephone was not working, so the fire department could not be reached. The trustee then went to the engine house personally, and would have got the machine out if he had not been arrested by the police for burglary, the engine being the private property of Mean Temperature hose company No. 34.

But it was now apparent to a number of all night people that there was a fire near by, and word was sent by the Jersey Street Vestibule Horse Car line to West Brighton that the fire fiend had broken loose in the residence of Trustee Teeter, of the village of Bilgewater, S. I. The trustee having given bail, went home to see what he could do toward saving his home and family.

At this moment a hose cart was heard on Westervelt avenue, running at a high rate of speed, and soon the beautifully clocked hose of Recalcitrant Hose Company No. 9 hope in sight, but lost some time by stopping to ask a pedestrian for a few dollars to buy new uniforms for the company.

The hose company soon after arrived, but the engine of course had not yet reached the disgusting episode, or holocaust rather. The fire now began to make sad havoc amid the beautiful house decorations of the trustee's high priced home. First it meandered through the cellar and used up the winter's kindling wood, baked the Rhode Island greenings, worms and all, skinned up the hollow trunk of the dumb waiter, made a pass at a fine oil painting of a lobster in the dining room—by Prang—raised a blister on the face of the clock and scorched one of its little hands, seemed to laugh mockingly at the aquarium, cooked a gold fish or two, and then went into the pantry and exploded a pie.

Now the cry of fire was borne along the North Shore, and one of the Brighton whistles blew a low, sad blast which waivered through the shrinking night like the dying song of some old master whose death is due to painter's colic after painting too large a town and getting himself overhot.

Now we can hear the pulsing beat of the hoofs of those who are coming to the rescue from Tottenville pulling an engine. The fire has eaten out the whole interior of the structure, having gutted the entire house, and wound up by chasing the trustee himself for two squares.

As the roof falls in the Wet Spell Engine company, of Tottenville, and the Rise-Up-William-Riley-and-Come-Along-With-Me Hook and Ladder Truck company, of Eltingville, reach the ground and begin to couple on to the hydrant, meantime emitting the shrill cry of fire. It is now almost breakfast time, and several people who have been untiringly watching the fire excuse themselves and go home, not being more than mere calling acquaintances of the trustee.

Some delay is experienced in finding the wrench, but at last it is secured, and a desirable connection made with an eligible hydrant.

No sooner is the apparatus ready than an opprobrious epithet is hurled at the company by one of the rebellious firemen of the village of Bilgewater, hitting him back of the ear, and quicker than one can ejaculate the remark "scat" the hose is turned on the rude person and held there till the fire has gone out.

We as a village of 17,000 people may learn a valuable lesson from the above little incident. In the first place we must not fool with fire, and in the second place we must not fool with a volunteer fire department. While the two companies, for instance, squirt water at each other the damage is done, so also while the official and the fireman squabble the rates go up on insurance.

I once belonged to a volunteer fire company, and I recall with much pleasure the day I resigned. I never looked well on parade, and my bat was too heavy and too hot. I always got a severe headache and then a fire broke out.

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young lady home after the alarm of fire had been given. I appealed, but lost my case, and had to pay for simply an act of common gallantry. Others, I presume, would leave a bright young lady standing in the street, where the cars might run over her, and rush wildly off to a fire, but I could not do that. I never could.

Socially I was a great triumph as a volunteer fireman, and no one in the history of conflagrations and hairbreadth escapes could "call off" better at a fireman's ball than I, but when I would get smoke in my lungs and retire to the orchard to cough, the foreman would curse me bitterly and say that "he wouldn't be likely to take but a little more off me." Then he would report me and fine me. I was found \$5 that way three times.

There are two sides to the great war on Staten Island, but in the mean time an occasional house burns down before the Perth Amboy fire company can come and chop a hole in the roof.

Possibly before this is printed the trouble may be quieted in some way, and all be again at peace. Otherwise I see no way but for a few of the wealthy taxpayers to meet at my slosh, opposite the reservoir, and form a company of volunteers to be called the Damp and Noiseless Squirt Company of the Kills.

As it is now, I can point out a thousand young villages of the new west with 1,500 people that would easily shame this wealthy and populous town of over ten times the population and a dozen times the wealth.

My own experience as a volunteer fireman teaches me that we cannot hold a volunteer fireman down to the same rigid requirements that we can a paid department, and possibly the best way out of the trouble is, after all, to unite with the United States at the same time that Canada comes in.

Staten Island has many very attractive features aside from her fire department, fisheries, night blooming cereus, oil refineries, Constable Hook (and Ladder company), Sabbath baseball, suicide and summer street railways, which run when it is not too stormy. All these and many other reasons are urged why we should enter the Union, adding South Beach, the great Newport of Richmond county, to the desirable watering places, for stock especially, which the United States could then claim. With a large cool tunnel open at both ends and connecting us with Brooklyn we might become an important factor of the future great metropolis. The present United States minister to Staten Island, of course, is a good man, but as a citizen and taxpayer, also Veritas and Pro Bono Publico, I would favor annexation.

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JAMES R. RANDALL.

HE IS THE AUTHOR OF "MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND."

It was a Famous Song in War Times, and "Edmund Kirke," Who Wrote "Among the Pines," Writes Most Entertainingly of Its Writer.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, March 5.—Those who are old enough to remember the first year of the war cannot have forgotten the stirring lyric of "Maryland, My Maryland," which appeared in the northern papers early in 1861, directly after the passage of the first Massachusetts troops through the streets of Baltimore. It was touched with true heroic fire, a genuine inspiration, worthy of Beranger or Rouget de Lisle. It sounded through the south like the blast of a bugle, calling her brave sons to arms, and set to music by a lady of Baltimore, it was sung at the head of her regiments as they marched to meet the northern invaders. Everywhere it was greeted with universal admiration—in the north, where Oliver Wendell Holmes grieved that he could not indite some such song for Massachusetts, and throughout Europe, where titled ladies sang it in their salons, and told their husbands that a country which could produce so patriotic a strain had a right to be free.

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MYSTIC MISCELLANY.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM THE VARIOUS SECRET SOCIETIES.

Something About W. S. Carpenter, Who Was Recently Elected Grand Chancellor of the New York Jurisdiction, Knights of Pythias—Other Fraternal News.

W. S. Carpenter, of Syracuse, who was unanimously elected to the office of grand chancellor of

CONCERNING BACK HAIR.

ANNA VERNON DORSEY MAKES IT A SERIOUS STUDY.

Sketches by Our Own Artist of the Coiffures of Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Sherwood, Mrs. Tiffany, Mrs. Yznaga, Miss Bend and Others.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

Every woman at some time wearies of the monotony of arranging her hair in the same way, and, if she wears plaits, aspires to curls or, if she wears curls, burns to essay plaits until she tries the change once and bears the disparaging and candid testimony of intimate friends when she returns to curls or plaits, as the case may be, with a resigned impression that nature, which has made her nose straight or pug, has also doomed her head to immutable lines of becomingness. There never was a time, however, when fashions were more eclectic, and that must indeed be a difficult countenance to which the two styles of hair dressing now in vogue cannot be adapted.

There are few noted beauties among New York society women whose coiffures, no matter how seemingly natural, have not been the subject of careful study to themselves, their maids and the clientele of admiring hangers on who hover around the shrines of wealthy belles.

The high, coronet effect is much adopted by young married women, giving a stamp of dignity which is often belied by their youthful freshness, besides lending itself more readily to the use of jeweled ornaments, which good taste should deny to the simplicity of girlhood.

Mrs. Astor, now the Mrs. Astor, has hair of dark brown, arranged in this manner with all the elaboration of the hairdresser's skill in a complicated and bewildering structure. Mrs. Astor is the happy and envied owner of the most magnificent diamond tiara in America, which on gala nights flashes like a constellation at midnight. On the occasion of the Charity ball Mrs. Astor wore hardly less wonderful pearls.

Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt's tall and statuesque figure gains additional stateliness from her crown of golden brown hair rippling from off her neck in those natural waves which can always be distinguished from the crinkle of the iron. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. William Vanderbilt, has also brown hair, but with that auburn tinge which has a luster as if always under the light from a stained glass window. One would think that there was little room for individuality in the arrangement of back hair, but there are three ladies well known in the Four Hundred whose marked character emphasizes itself in their coiffure—Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, Mrs. John Sherwood, the reader and well known authority on etiquette, and Mrs. Tiffany, who is noted for her originality and brilliancy.

Mrs. Sherwood's hair is intensely black, "black as a raven's wing" and very glossy. It is parted in the old-fashioned way which the daguerreotypes of our mothers have made so familiar to us—in the middle, with two large puffs on each side over the ears, giving a very broad appearance to the head. Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, the richest and handsomest widow in America, now that Mrs. Harpers is off the tapis, is noted for her resemblance to the portraits of the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots—to complete and heighten which she wears her light hair waved on the sides and fastened on top in two coils, giving the coif expression.

Mrs. Tiffany, in the quaint house gowns which she affects and her slightly grayish hair puffed over the ears, plaited behind and tied with a black ribbon, porke fashion, looks like one of Sir Joshua Reynolds' pictures stepped from its frame. She might be one of the witty beauties of the Georges' courts, an impression which is accentuated by her brilliant and fascinating conversational powers.

Mrs. Yznaga, nee Wright, who has married the divorced husband of Mrs. Tiffany, is a noted blonde beauty of the Diana type, with a wealth of light hair, which she braids tightly and coils compactly at the back of her head.

Perhaps the most beautiful golden locks in New York are those which crown like an aureole tiny Miss Flora Davis' fairy form. She is like a Dresden china doll, and her hair is of that rare color which poets of all times have loved to praise as burning gold, as the ripples of a river at sunset. Different in shade are the golden tresses of the tall and stately Miss Amy Bend, on whom young Mr. Astor's approval was cast before he transferred his allegiance to Miss Willing. Her hair, of the lightest gold, as pale as wheat ears in moonlight and as fluffly as spun silk, is arranged at the neck in a soft knot of loose coils. With good taste she generally wears flowers instead of jewels.

Miss Willing, her successful rival in Mr. Astor's affections, has hair which has been erroneously described as being blonde, whereas it is in reality dark, growing on her low white forehead in little love points and massed at the back in a lustrous coil. At the Charity ball she dazzled her many admirers by appearing with a wreath of shining green ivy leaves on her hair, matching the ivy festoons in her pink gown, giving the appearance of some blue-eyed, dark-haired nymph or dryad. Equally classical, but entirely different in effect, is the manner in which Spanish-looking Miss Sallie Hargous, safely entrenched in her indubitable bellefship, daringly arranges her long black hair, which a casual observer would unhesitatingly affirm to be short.

This is tightly curled—we cannot help wondering how many hours this curling operation must consume—all over her head, the ends ingeniously hidden and fastened close with invisible hairpins. With her quick, vivacious manner, the chic resulting from a mixed Irish and French ancestry, and her rich dark coloring, this style is particularly suitable, giving her the boyish appearance of some handsome youth of southern Europe. The advantages of the "long and short of it" will be appreciated by every woman. The possibilities of change of which this coiffure admits are almost as many as those adopted by that much-to-be-envied Chicago society woman who appears each day with a different colored wig to match her gown—a state of tonsorial emancipation to which we all will without doubt some day attain—if we can afford the wigs.

Little Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg's brown hair has the same boyish expression, though in this case it is really cut short, waving in a mass of tendrils-like curls. This tiny, dainty, graceful little figure with its childlike head looks more like a mischievous schoolgirl than a married woman, though the former impression is quaintly contradicted by the immensely long trains which she loves to wear.

Miss Marie Lusk, the pretty daughter of the eminent surgeon Dr. William T. Lusk, arranges her light brown hair much in the same peruke fashion as Mrs. Tiffany does. It is waved at the sides, plaited and tied behind, with a long and wavy bang over the forehead.

Mrs. James Waterbury, who has the reputation of being, by her ready tact and sympathy, the most popular married woman in New York society, wears her abundant brown hair, streaked with gold, brushed back from her forehead, and the same fashion is followed by Miss Shepard, the charmingly natural and intelligent daughter of the millionaire editor of The Mail and Express.

Mrs. Cleveland's lovely face and simple low knot of light brown hair is unchanged, except in added charm, from the time when her photograph as "first lady of the land" was a household ornament in almost every parlor in the country.

Quite as unstudied is Mrs. George Gould's arrangement of her wavy red brown hair.

Mrs. Burke-Roche, whose Junonian beauty, combined with her sad story and exalted character, has cast around her the atmosphere of romantic interest, masses her rippling brown hair on top of her head, the curls on her forehead drawn up at the temples ala Russe from off the marble-like skin.

The Marquise Clara Lanza, daughter of the distinguished physician and novelist, Dr. William Hammond, of Washington, and herself a well known novelist and society woman, has, like Mrs. Ladenburg, short, curly hair, making a bright golden crown above her brilliant and expressive face.

In these carefully negligent coiffures, glossy or curled, crowning alabaster shoulders, we lose sight, as in the perfection of all art, of the labor involved. But there is labor involved—all the charming and dainty accessories of a beautiful woman's toilet, the perfumed hair washes, the careful brushing with silver backed brushes by the attentive maid, the heated irons—sometimes, alas! overheated, with disastrous results. One lovely girl, whose disappearance from several affairs lately had been much regretted, when she made her reappearance confessed to a friend.

"My dear, it was horrible. I have missed everything for two weeks and been perfectly well all the time. You see, Marie overheated the curling irons. I felt my hair sizzling close to my head, and there I was with one side of my bangs as bald as an egg. That was the side that my hats all looked at right now?"

Mamma said that as it was my first season, and so much depended upon my looks, I had better go to our country place and wait till my hair grew out, and there I have been ever since. Does it look all right now?"

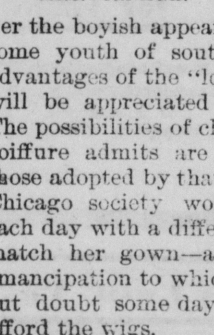
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MRS. ASTOR.

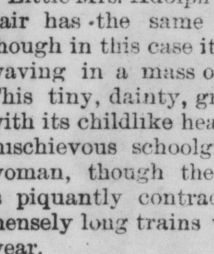
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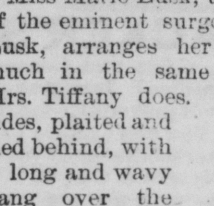
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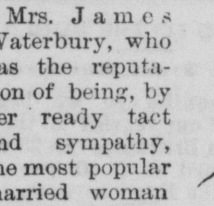
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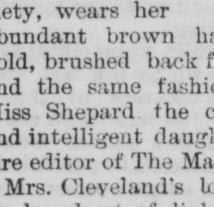
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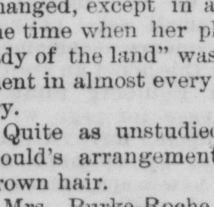
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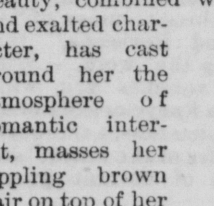
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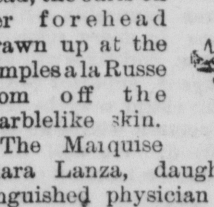
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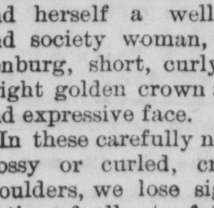
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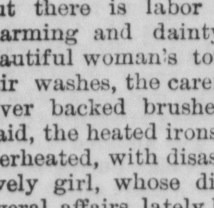
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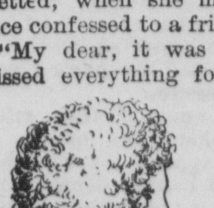
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MRS. HARGOUS.



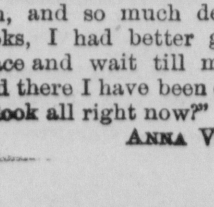
MRS. BURKE-ROCHE.



MRS. CLAYTON.



MRS. LUSK.



MRS. WATERBURY.



WESTERN WOMEN LEAD.

THEIR STATUS IS HIGH AT THE CAPITAL CITY.

Margaret Manton Gives Some Interesting Gossip About the Harrisons, Mrs. Hearst, Mrs. Stanford, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Fuller and Others.

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WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—The women who are leading Washington society this winter are not witty Vassar graduates nor learned sisters from Wellesley; nor do they come from the classic slopes of



MRS. M'KEE.

Beacon Hill. Even New York women, who are supposed to know all about social matters, and who claim social leadership as an inherent right wherever they go, are to a certain extent in the background. The woman who stands well to the fore, and who holds the place with a grace and ease that astonishes the old time leaders, is one who comes from beyond the Mississippi. The general impression seems to be that this state of affairs has been brought about by the advent of western women in the White House. This may have had some influence. But the careful observer of the situation will conclude that it is a clear case of the survival of the fittest.

The women from the west who are foremost in capital circles this winter are not only handsome and intelligent, but they are educated and cultured. They know how to dress and how to entertain. And there is an open handed, broad gauge hospitality which the western woman introduces at her entertainments that is altogether charming.

Another type of the California woman is Mrs. Leland Stanford. Her manner is very quiet, but her hospitality is as genuine as that of Mrs. Hearst. Mrs. Stanford is a woman who is very much interested in her less fortunate sisters. Many a struggling journalist or artist who has gone to Washington for the purpose of making a reputation and a living owes her success to the kindness and friendship of Mrs. Stanford. She is not a woman who follows closely the caprices of fashion. I have seen her at receptions more than once wearing a gown that was in mode some years ago. But she is always handsomely dressed and has magnificent jewels. It gives her more pleasure, however, to render assistance to a woman who is struggling for a livelihood than to consider the cut of her gown.

Among the ladies of the cabinet there are three who come from the west, though none of them was born there. Mrs. Miller, the wife of the attorney general, whose home for some years has

been in Indiana, is a native of Kentucky. Mrs. Noble, whose present home is St. Louis, was born in the far south. And Mrs. Rusk, wife of the agricultural secretary from Wisconsin, was born in the state of New York. So that these ladies, although their husbands are representatives of the west, can hardly be called western women.

The wife of Chief Justice Fuller, of the supreme court, claims Chicago as her birthplace. She was married there twenty-five years ago, and Chicago has always been her home until her husband was appointed to his present position. Mrs. Fuller may be properly called a remarkable woman. She is certainly an interesting one. She is a woman of affairs—domestic affairs. Socially she is clever and bright, and she is vastly popular. But her home, her husband and her family are foremost in her mind perpetually. While they are in a satisfactory condition she enjoys discharging her social obligations, but in the case of illness in her home, no matter how slight, social considerations are relegated to the background, and she becomes the careful nurse and sympathetic comforter. She does all of her own marketing. Her carriage is well known at the old Central market. She gives a reason for this. She says her children—they are grown children—require wholesome food, and that while it might be possible for another to procure it, there can be no question of doubt about it if she procures it herself. Further, she is a counsellor often sought by her husband, and not on minor questions. The chief justice gives to her judgment on grave matters the highest consideration.

Besides these there are the wife of the recently appointed Judge Brown from Detroit; Mrs. Senator Mitchell, from Oregon; and Mrs. Senator Carey, of Washington. This is really her first season. Young

Mrs. Harrison is a very pretty woman. She is a blonde of the Dresden china type—all pink and white. She is fond of wearing silvery, gauze-like materials, which give her the appearance of a fairy. Mrs. Senator Davis, of St. Paul, Minn., is said to be the handsomest woman in Washington. Mrs. Davis is of the Juno type. She is five feet and seven inches in height and magnificently formed. Her eyes are gray and very large. Her lips and cheeks are vivid scarlet, and she has shining red-brown hair. Mrs. Davis designs all of her own costumes. She appeared at one of her recent receptions in a classic Grecian drapery of white silk brocade, with a gold fillet about her head and glittering gold snakes wound about her arms. Her appearance is not more charming than her manner. She is always pleasant and always cordial, and there is something sympathetic about her.

Mrs. Senator Hearst, of California, is celebrated for being the most elaborate entertainer at the capital. This season her house is closed on account of her husband's serious illness. But usually her home is filled with guests, and she maintains what more nearly approaches a salon than any other woman in this country. She has during the past few seasons presented a number of beautiful girls from the Pacific coast to Washington society, all of whom have been welcomed as valuable acquisitions. Mrs. Hearst is yet in the prime of life, a handsome woman, whose smile is always ready and whose welcome to her magnificently appointed house is always kindly.

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HARRY'S FLIRTATION.

The guests were seated on the broad, cool veranda of the Woodbine hotel; a delicious breeze stirred the honeysuckle vine that climbed the trellis. Several guests were expected to arrive, among them an heiress, so rumor had it, and as usual a small amount of interest was awakened. There was a murmur among the guests as a slender girl, becomingly attired, made her way up the broad steps.

She was a fair example of that rare and curious blending of blonde and brunette which we sometimes meet. Her face was fair, her hair a brown with a rich golden hue, and her eyes were large and dark.

She was a woman capable of intense love or hate. As Harry Marsh gazed upon her he grew suddenly pale. Then it passed away, giving place to a deepening flush of embarrassment. His companion, Frank Hale, a handsome, fun-loving fellow, observed Harry's embarrassment, and with a merry twinkle in his black eyes, said:

"I declare, Hal, you blush as if 'the heiress' was an old flame of yours."

And he laughed in a low, musical way.

"I know my face showed seeming agitation just now, but there's really nothing the matter with me."

"Now, Harry, old fellow, you need not apologize."

"I am not going to. But, Frank, weren't you ever surprised into blushing when somebody surreptitiously a half forgotten sentimental memory of the past? Let me see. I'll venture to say that I can make you blush. How about that Elsie Maydew affair of yours?"

Frank Hale's cheeks did brighten a little. But he well knew that a stronger feeling than mere embarrassment had agitated his friend.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Frank Hale, with a penetrating look into the half averted face of Harry Marsh. "You are agitated. You have met this young lady before, somewhere. Now own up—or is it a secret?"

Harry Marsh was a fair, curly haired young man of five and twenty, of a sensitive, romantic disposition. Frank Hale and he were old college chums. Harry stroked his blonde mustache for a moment in silence. Cutting the tip off of his cigar, he placed it between his lips, forgetting to light it.

"How much of a secret?" he answered indifferently. Then, turning suddenly toward his friend, said: "What do you know about her?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Frank, "except what rumor says."

"And what is that?"

"It is to this effect: That she has recently risen from poverty to affluence; that she is engaged to a poor young professor, a geologist, who was formerly a school fellow of hers. A poor young professional man is sure to catch such a prize, isn't he?"

"Yes, I suppose it is on account of their romantic and poetic attributes. Did rumor include the name of the—gentleman?"

Harry felt not a little anxiety as he asked this question.

"Edward Grey is his name, I believe," replied Frank, "and by the way, I understand he is to come here also in search of fossils."

Harry with a sort of nervous eagerness of movement lighted his cigar.

"Now, Harry, for your secret. When and where did you first make the acquaintance of this young lady, and what is her name?"

Harry sat in silence a moment, as if to collect his ideas. He tilted his chair back, removed his hat, wiped the perspiration from his brow, and said:

"Her name is Viola Craig. I met her in a small rustic village in Maine about two years ago."

"And there was a bit of romance between you, eh?"

"Very little on her part—a mere flirtation on mine. I can tell you one thing, she has not gained all her beauty in two years. She struck me as unusually beautiful for a rustic when I first met her."

"Why don't you tell me the romance that lies back of that statement of yours?" said Frank.

Harry with some reluctance said:

"About two years ago the summer was exceedingly hot and I was badly in need of rest, so I resolved to go on a hunting and fishing expedition. Having heard of the facilities Huntsville afforded for hunting and fishing and picturesque scenery, I packed up my grip, took my rifle and fishing rod, and started. I arrived one fine summer morning at Huntsville and obtained board with the Craigs. They were poor, and added to their income by taking summer boarders. Viola was an only daughter, still in her teens. I could not help admiring her artless beauty and grace, and I soon began paying marked attention to her."

"In those fragrant summer twilight, followed as they were by evenings of silvery moonlight, we sauntered down the pleasant country road and stood upon the bridge gazing upon the sheet of water, calm and deep, which stretched out before us. The day sped rapidly into weeks; our hearts seemed gay and happy, everything was enjoyed with a zest which the utmost confidence and freedom from restraint can insure. But alas! one day Viola's father called me to him and sternly asked:

"Do you wish to marry Viola?"

"It was so thoroughly surprised that I answered decisively:

"No."

"So I thought," replied Mr. Craig. "I did not believe that a rich, handsome young fellow like you would wish to marry a poor country girl, and I desire you to direct your attention elsewhere, for she is engaged to a worthy young man of this place." That day I left Huntsville, and no adieu was spoken. So ended my little flirtation."

"Well, Harry, you have given me quite a poetic recital, but you ought not to make such an ado over a 'mere flirtation.' Let us go up the lake and back before sunset."

Two minutes later Harry Marsh again

tered along the shore of the lake, realizing that he was not quite whole hearted.

A year had passed since Harry Marsh's visit to the quiet little village of Huntsville. Many changes had taken place.

Viola Craig is an orphan—alone in the world—friendless. What was she to do? She fell into a brief reverie.

She had an aunt, rich in this world's goods; she had written to her and received a letter bidding her to come and make her home with her. "Break up the old home and come and live with me." These were the words she read.

"Break up the old home! How romance clings around it!" She stood by the window and gazed up the country road, bordered on one side by dark pine woods, on the other by irregular rolls of cultivated ground. How dear the form of every tree! How oft had she walked there with the one she loved; had he not cut his name and hers upon those very trees; but he had gone—left without one word of parting. A crimson flush, deep, swift and unmistakable, swept over the girl's fair and sensitive face.

"He did not care for me; he was merely amusing himself," she mused.

Then a strange light flashed into her eyes, and two bright spots of color came on her cheek and she said determinedly, "I will go to my aunt, and as her heiress try and forget him."

Fond remembrances! Dear old home, good-by!

A storm had suddenly arisen from the southwest. It descended with a torrent of rain, a resistless flurry of wind and crash of thunder.

Viola was sitting at the window. She glanced out upon the lake. She beheld its surface lashed into foam, and horror-stricken, she beheld something else.

A boat, midway between the peninsula and the shore nearest the hotel, had suddenly capsized under the fierce blast. For an instant a human being was visible amid the foaming waters, but soon disappeared.

Viola descended to the veranda, her face deadly white.

Several men dashed past, and upon the wings of the storm she heard one of them say:

"Hale and Marsh were in the boat, and there's little chance of our saving them."

For an instant she stared toward the lake, her heart sinking like lead. Then, without even a shawl over white, gauzy garments, she dashed out into the pelting storm. She reached the lake shore at a point near where several men were pushing off in a rowboat in a vain hope of saving the unfortunates.

She sank down amid the wet shrubbery, clasping her hands, and in low agonized accents she murmured, as her eyes fell upon the fearful sight before her: "Good Heavens! Harry Marsh—dead—drowned! If he but knew now how I loved him—how I have loved him since he left me, two years ago! Oh, God! If he could be saved! My heart is breaking!" And burying her face in her hands she sobbed aloud.

Just then a hand fell lightly upon her shoulder. She started up with a cry, and there stood Harry Marsh, dripping wet, with a look of deep, unutterable joy upon his face.

"Thank God I am saved—saved to hear my name upon your lips. I was not in the boat. Frank went out alone. I saw the storm coming and advised him not to go. But he went. I followed along the shore to the peninsula, and the storm broke before I could get back," he explained.

He spoke in a rapid, excited manner. As he finished Viola sank down in a swoon, overcome by the strain upon her nerves and the sudden reaction. He

NEW SPRING STYLES In Suits, Hats, Furnishing Goods, etc. Turn wherever you will in our fine new store and new goods, and new goods only greet your eye; And all plainly marked in plain figures. One lowest universal price and square dealing with all.

The want column is a winner every time.

SPORTING NOTES.

George Kessler, the Montana pugilist who recently bested "The Marine," has challenged any man in the world to fight him at 155 pounds.

Elliot, the great wing shot, is arranging for a world's tourney, at which the winner will be given a \$10,000 trophy for the highest score at live bird shooting.

It is said that Arthur A. Zimmerman, the famous New Jersey bicyclist, captured \$1,800 worth of prizes during the season of 1900. Zimmerman will make a tour of England during the coming season, and test the mettle of the best British amateurs.

Isidor Gunsberg, the great chess player, soon after his defeat by William Steinitz at New York, played thirty of the best men of a chess club at Baltimore, Md., simultaneously, and won twenty-four games, lost one to J. Reaney, Jr., and fought the remaining five to a draw.

Barney Allen, an Australian bookmaker, says he is anxious to back Jim Hall, middle weight champion of Australia, against Bob Fitzsimmons for \$5,000 or \$10,000.

It is said that John Owen, Jr., the Detroit Athletic club sprinter who holds the amateur record for 100 yards (9.4-sec.), will run no more, as his business will prevent him from training properly.

The Amateur Athletic union has signified its disbelief in the charges of professionalism against A. F. Copeland, the great hurdler; J. S. Mitchell, the hammer thrower, and C. A. J. Quickbender, the well known hurler of weights.

A scene from "Ivanhoe." Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera, "Ivanhoe," although it has been on the stage but a few weeks, is already becoming an



THE JEWESS AT THE STAKE. Old story to newspaper readers. We present, however, a sketch of one of its strongest scenes—where Rebecca (Miss Macintyre) is bound to the stake.

The following item has been going the rounds of the press, and as our druggist, Morgenthaler & Heister, handle the goods, it may interest our readers:

Having had occasion to use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, it gives me pleasure to state that I found it to be the best medicine for a cough I ever used; in fact, it cured me of a cough that had baffled several other cough medicines.—N. R. Burnett, Atalissa, Iowa.

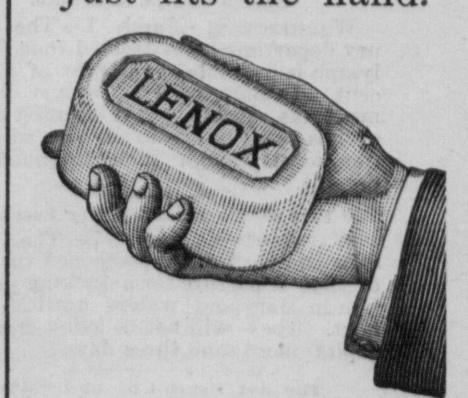
Life is Miserable
To thousands of persons who have the taint of scrofula in their blood. The agonies caused by the dreadful running sores and other manifestations of this disease are beyond description. There is no other remedy equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, salt rheum and every form of blood disease. It is reasonably sure to benefit all who give it a fair trial. Be sure to get Hood's.

Mr. James Lambert, of New Brunswick, Ill., says: "I was badly afflicted with rheumatism in the hips and legs, when I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It cured me in three days. I am all right to-day and would insist on everyone who is afflicted with that terrible disease to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm and get well at once." For sale by Morgenthaler & Heister.

After trying many remedies for catarrh during the past twelve years, I tried Ely's Cream Balm with complete success. It is over one year since I stopped using it and have had no return of catarrh. I recommend it to all my friends.—Milton T. Palm, Reading, Pa.

HUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltzly.

"Just fits the hand."



Lenox Soap lathers freely in hard water.

Five cents a cake, (12 ounces.)

Mamma—What occupation do you think will be best for our dearest boy when he grows up?

Papa—I think with a little more home training he will make a good sword swallower.—Judge.

TRADESMAN:
THIS NEWSPAPER
CIRCULATES IN THE HOMES
OF PEOPLE BUYING THE
KIND OF GOODS YOU MAY
HAVE TO SELL.
MORAL:
INVITE THEM TO YOUR STORE

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

One Woman Who Had Plenty of Business Talent.

In a dispatch to The New York World is an interesting story about Mrs. M. V. Taylor, of Washington, Pa., a dealer in oil well casings. Mrs. Taylor was a widow with a child to support. She learned bookkeeping and got a place with an oil firm. While with them she obtained a thorough knowledge of oil well supplies. She had an eye to advancing herself in business as well as keeping books, and took a contract for furnishing the casing to drill a well, in consideration of which she got a sixth interest in the well. But the company fell through, and Mrs. Taylor was left with the expensive casing on her hands. But well casings were scarce just then, and the shrewd woman sold hers for more than she paid for it. With that rare gift for looking ahead which is given to about one person in half a million, Mrs. Taylor saw that hundreds of wells would be drilled and more casings would be wanted than could be supplied, so she bought a large quantity of this particular machinery, all she could get, sold it at a great profit and made her fortune.

Women always keep their old love letters. It is a dangerous practice, but they will do it. The Vienna Allgemeine Zeitung says there is a woman not far from that city who is undoubtedly 114 years old. The birth records, so carefully kept in European countries, show her to have been born in December of the year American independence was declared. Yet when the census taker visited her and naturally stopped to have a little chat, she showed her first love letter, yellow with age, which she had kept a century, having received it when she was 14 years old. How like a woman!

It is said privately that it was the woman suffrage party which defeated Senator Ingalls. Many months ago the message was sent quietly from one woman's club to another in Kansas, "Do all you can against Senator Ingalls." The work was as quiet as the message itself, but it is claimed that it was effective. In the farmers' organizations women have almost as much influence as the men themselves. Perhaps the caustic tongued statesman will one day learn that it is not wise to antagonize even the women.

Women are the ones to right their own wrongs. If they cannot do it they do not yet deserve to have them righted. Among the war correspondents during the Indian outbreak was one woman, Bright Eyes, a half breed Indian lady, who held her own with the best. She represented The Omaha World-Herald.

Emma Abbott owed her rise and success in life to women, yet she left not a penny to help other forlorn and struggling women up in the world. Perhaps she would have done so if she had lived longer and thought more deeply on the woman question.

I commend especially to the attention of women this paragraph from an address by Cardinal Gibbons: "It seems to me that some writers are disposed to lay undue stress on the amiable and tender qualities of Mary and of holy Christian women, without dwelling sufficiently on the strong and robust points of their character. The Holy Scripture in one place pronounces a lengthened eulogy on woman. What does the Holy Ghost especially admire in her? Not her sweet and amiable temper or her gentle disposition, though of course she possessed those qualities. No; he admires her valor, courage, fortitude and the sturdy virtue of self reliance. He does not say, 'Who shall find a gentle woman?' but rather, 'Who shall find a valiant woman?' As things brought from afar and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her." It is only heroic virtues, or virtues practiced in a heroic degree, that the church canonizes.

Miss Walford is an English girl who has become an expert in deciphering old English manuscripts. Her services are in great demand among British lawyers, who in their search for legal precedents are obliged sometimes to go back to manuscripts of the Thirteenth century. In a famous church suit recently the lawyers on both sides of the case were obliged to call on Miss Walford.

I do not know who wrote the following, but it is as beautiful as it is true: "More and more do those who were perhaps first interested in the cause of woman's emancipation, with a desire to remedy this or that specific wrong, come to feel that there is underlying this movement a great spiritual truth, and that the freedom of woman is equally es-

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

ential to the development of both halves of the race. The interests of men and women never have been and never can be antagonistic.

A remarkable character is Rocky Mountain Kate, of Leadville, Colo. If she ever had any other name it is forgotten. She wears a man's cowhide boots, a world too wide for her, and an old gingham sun bonnet. Her occupation is house cleaning, and we are given to understand she does it well. When she does a day's cleaning she takes home with her broken victuals from the table at the mansion where she toiled in the sweat of her brow. This keeps her in food. Kate also takes home with her cast off garments which charitable ladies give her on her house cleaning rounds. This is very kind of the ladies, and it is doubtful if Kate has had a really new gown in twenty years, so they say. But there is another part to this honest toiler's story. Rocky Mountain Kate has an income of \$1,000 a month from houses in Leadville, and a large amount of property in Denver besides, all amassed from her little savings in the washing and house cleaning business.

Women do not drink or smoke. But I sometimes think the petty personal gossip which forms so large a part of the conversation of some of them is worse than smoking, especially when the gossip becomes spiteful and of a criticizing kind. Then it certainly hurts themselves more than smoking would do. Girls, if you cannot talk anything except personalities don't talk at all.

A newspaper tells us all about the admirable qualifications of Mrs. Potter Palmer to be the president of the women's board of managers of the Chicago exposition. We are informed that her eyes are coal black, shaded by long lashes, and that her teeth are very white and regular. Her hair was once blue black, but is now changing to gray. What splendid intellectual and business qualifications these are, to be sure!

ELIZA ARCHARD CORNELL.

Love's Sacrifice.

CHAPTER I.
"Is your heart set on it, Jennie?" asked the father with a faltering voice.

"It is, papa," said his daughter firmly.

CHAPTER II.
"She shall have it!" exclaimed the proud banker, as he toiled and planned and schemed in the little back room that adjoined his business office. "She shall have it if it beggars me."

And day by day his operations grew bolder, and wealth poured into his coffers as never before.

CHAPTER III.
"Would be glad to make the price, lower, Mr. Means, as a favor to you, but it is impossible. Yes, your check is good for any amount, but in a transaction of this magnitude you will permit me to see that it is a certified check. Thanks. That is entirely satisfactory. The article is yours, Mr. Means."

CHAPTER IV.
"Jennie"—and the face of the doting father was ashy pale—"Jennie! My child! It is yours at last! But I shall not be able to buy a European prince for you until year after next."

With trembling hands he gave her a rose he had purchased at a State street florist's and fainted away.—Chicago Tribune.

His Future Career.

His Future Career.

His Future Career.

His Future Career.

His Future Career.

His Future Career.

His Future Career.

His Future Career.

His Future Career.

His Future Career.

His Future Career.

NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD.

Bishop Reeves, of Ireland, has practically excommunicated the adherents of Parnell.

Emperor William urges that the North Sea and Baltic coasts be more fully protected.

Ex-Governor Murray, of California, is spoken of as Senator Hearst's successor.

An antiquity in the form of an underground wall has been discovered near Cleveland, Tenn.

Atlanta still believes that Rev. J. G. Armstrong, who died there a few days ago, was Lincoln's assassin.

The San Rosario mill in Arizona, owned by Philadelphians, has been seized for violation of the custom laws.

The Prince of Wales has been re-elected worshipful grand master of the English Freemasons.

An English syndicate is making overtures for the Washington mills at Lawrence, Mass., valued at \$2,000,000.

The world's fair executive committee will concede to the workmen the eight-hour day and the abolition of piecework.

The Richmond, Nicholasville and Beattyville railroad has suspended operations and sent its rolling stock to Louisville.

The Commercial Mutual Insurance company, of New York, is out of business. It paid 6 per cent. dividends for thirty-six years.

In the Spanish cabinet the sale of Cuba to the United States was considered, but the weight of opinion was decidedly against any such negotiation.

The race question is becoming a live issue in Oklahoma. The swarms of misguided negroes who emigrated thither are not only utterly destitute, but have brought smallpox with them.

Streeter Will Win.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., March 7.—The indications are that Streeter, the Farmers' Alliance candidate, will be elected United States senator to succeed Charles B. Farwell to-day or next Tuesday.

The Republican state committee has endorsed the action of the steering committee of the assembly, which endorsed Streeter, and the recalcitrant Republicans will, it is said, wheel into line. The one hundred and fiftieth and last ballot yesterday resulted: Palmer 101, Streeter 98, Oglesby 5.

The Jeaneville Mine Disaster.

JEANEVILLE, PA., March 7.—The jury empaneled by Coroner Buckle Carbon county, to investigate the cause of the mine disaster of February 4, by which thirteen miners lost their lives in No. 1 shaft of J. D. Hayden & Co., met yesterday at the company's office. A few more witnesses were examined, but no more light was thrown on the subject.

Lady Lawyers in Ohio.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, March 7.—The Supreme court yesterday completed the examination of a class of 56 applicants for admission to the bar. 37 of whom passed a successful examination. Among the successful candidates were Mrs. Josephine M. Smith, wife of Florizel Smith, assistant city solicitor, of this city. She is the third woman to be admitted to the practice of law in Ohio.

After Youngstown Rolling Mills.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., March 7.—W. T. Mapleson, accountant, who has been here in the interest of an English syndicate looking toward the purchase of the rolling mill and furnace plants, completed his examination of the books of the several concerns and left for Cincinnati. Upon his report to the syndicate will depend the purchase or refusal of the plants.

Prof. Steffen's Body to Be Cremated.

LOUISVILLE, KY., March 7.—The body of Prof. William Steffen was taken from Turners' hall yesterday to Cincinnati, where it will be cremated immediately upon its arrival, and his ashes will be thrown into the Ohio river, as requested in his will. Prof. Steffen's remains were taken to the hall last night, and remained in state until this morning.

Hearing in the Nicely Cases Postponed.

HARRISBURG, PA., March 7.—Action on the application of the Nicely brothers for a rehearing has been postponed until Tuesday next, owing to the unfamiliarity of the new members of the board of pardons with the case.

An Epidemic of Influenza.

JEFFERSONVILLE, O., March 7.—The influenza is raging to an alarming extent here. Whole families are down with it. About one-third of the children are out of the schools.

CONDENSED OHIO NEWS.

St. Clairsville will vote on the question of issuing bonds to establish an electric light plant.

Rev. S. B. Craft, of Bellaire, will enter suit against several people of Jacobsburg for slander.

John Bethel, of Flushing, asks \$2,000 damages from Thomas Dillon for being thrown out of the latter's saloon, during which his leg was broken.

Charles Foster, Secretary of the Treasury, will address the Lakeside Assembly at Findlay, July 1. His topic will be "How to Deal with the Liquor Question."

At the coming spring election Bridgeport will vote on the question of water works, the works to be built and owned by a company, water to be furnished private consumers at a stated rate as the town or the town to pay \$2,600 per year for 75 hydrants.

I was troubled with catarrh for seven years previous to commencing the use of Ely's Cream Balm. It has done for me what other so-called cures have failed to do—cured me. The effect of the Balm seemed magical. Clarence L. Huff, Biddeford, Me.

Yes! we have it. Bird cages of all at popular prices; also headquarters for trunk and valises. West Side Variety Bazaar.

Full size sheet music only 10c. per copy. Come and get a catalogue at Ely's Novelty Store, No. 19 S. Erie street.

Ladies rush hand bags, new designs also finest line of faces in the market at West Side Variety Bazaar.

Ask your dealer for "Enterprise Mill" white loaf flour. Take no other.

Knox world renowned hats to be had only of Spangler & Co.

First fresh strawberries of the season at Martin & Vogt's.

The largest line of hats the city. Spangler & Co.

A fine Derby, latest shape, for \$1.50. Spangler & Co.

Boy's late style stiff hats. Spangler & Co.

First fresh strawberries of the season at Martin & Vogt's.

The largest line of hats the city. Spangler & Co.

A fine Derby, latest shape, for \$1.50. Spangler & Co.

ECHOES FROM THE SHOPS.

Note and Comment on Men and Doings at Russell Co.'s.

Of the many many departments in Russell & Co.'s plant, the foundry, with its numerous sub-divisions, as well as sharing with the others in its important relations to the completeness of the entire concern, is also one of the most extensive. Upon entering the main room the view that meets the eye has much the appearance of a vast field, surrounded by high walls. And the unbroken height, from the floor to the glass ventilators in the apex of the roof lends a striking effect to the busy scene below, where the entire space is blocked out by narrow footways, into what are called floors, and many pairs of skillful hands are deftly shaping the loom into smooth and delicate moulds, ready to receive the boiling metal, which, when cool, is shaken out in useful form.

The sight is an impressive one to most anybody, and should some one of more retired pursuits, for instance, be of the "editor's den," on a tour of inspection, tarry until casting time, when all hands turn in, and with the assistance of ponderous cranes and willing hands, commence to pour the melted iron here and there, into every hole and crevice made to receive it, from all the holes holding all the way from a few pounds to seven tons, it would be but natural if he experienced the exciting sensations of "the dog at the fair," and he would doubtless be as anxious to find his way out.

The work turned out of this, as well as the other moulding rooms including the brass foundry, core room, etc., like that in all other mechanical arts, is accomplished only by hands trained by long experience as much as inclination. To be able to cast the large drive wheels, cylinders, engine beds and mammoth fly wheels sent out from this department, there is generalship and skill required on the part of the workmen and those in charge which is not always apparent at a glance. Two fly wheels have just been cast, and are now being completed for an electric light plant, weighing eight tons each.

This main moulding room is 190 feet long, and 75 feet wide, and adjoining it on the east is the core room and buildings belonging to it, covering a space about 80x100 feet, and on the same side is the brass foundry, 60x80 feet. On the south side are the flask rooms, mixing rooms and pattern rooms, 340 feet in length with an average width of 25 feet. In addition to this there is employed a room in one of the automatic buildings, for patterns used in automatic castings, 160x45 feet, and on the north side, connecting with the main building and running on out to the coke and iron yards, is the cleaning and milling room through which all castings must pass before they are ready to be transferred to other departments. This room is in charge of Mr. A. Shorb. On the second floor of this building, which is 230 feet long with an average width of 30 feet, are general store and fuel rooms, and through the center of it, running its entire length, is a track for conveying the iron and coke in cars, which are hoisted by means of a hydraulic elevator from the yard track and run direct to the boiler.

The buildings which belong to the foundry department, without taking into consideration other small buildings, cover an area in round numbers of 50,000 square feet. During the year in this department are required about 5,000 tons of iron, 850 tons of fuel, 1,150 tons of sand and other material 7,000 tons in all or 500 car loads. And this is turned into articles ranging from tons down to as low as 12 pieces to the ounce. There are many improvements in the general arrangement of the equipments now observed also. The guiding spirits of this department are Mr. Jacob Simonson as foreman, with Wendell Fox as clerk, and they will always greet you pleasantly if you don't meddle with their business. A glance at this department will give some idea of an idea of the magnitude of this concern, but it should be borne in mind that it has taken half a century of unflinching perseverance to make it the backbone of Massillon.

We, of course, are not speaking from authority when we intimate the possibility of a candidate for marshal hailing from the shop, in the person of Sherman Cochran. He would make a handsome marshal. He is a six-footer and every inch a gentleman.

Mr. John Marx, employed in the wood department, was reported dangerously ill yesterday, but the physician in charge now says there is a perceptible change for the better.

F. G. Borden returned from Pittsburgh yesterday.

The sick and death benefits have been so numerous of late that it has been deemed necessary to make a double assessment this month on the members in the benefit association.

Mr. Jehiel Clark, of the collection department, who has been recuperating in Waukegan, Wis., will return next week, much improved in health.

In the underground mail: One of the latest improvements in the blacksmith department is in the appearance of John Printz. He has had his back hair taken down, and has put away his bangs, and delights in the Sullivan cut accomplished by some torsorial artist with a corn cutter.

When the two light weights, Gottlieb Sands and John Otto, meet in one of the large eight foot saloons, the shop cat can be noticed to put up its back and move over to a safe retreat in the corner to view the scene. The glare in their eyes would freeze the mercury in a thermometer as they contemplate the struggle should they both attempt to pass through at the same time. Their quick and elastic steps, as each struggles to get there first would do credit to a Weston, for they know that should a collision take place, the other half of the double doors would have to be taken off the hinges, unless the mule team should be close at hand. Their prudence is highly commendable indeed, and is highly approved of by their admiring friends.

First Forest Mine Coal.

The first two cars of coal from the Forest mine, under the management of the Messrs. Wainwright were shipped yesterday. With the opening of their mine which is about five miles west of the city, there are now six mines on the line of the W. & L. E. road between Massillon and East Greenville, as follows: The Krause mine, Slippo mine, the Warwick mine, the Pocock mine, one of the Howells Coal Co.'s mines and the Forest mine, their location from this city being in the order named.

Mayors' Court.

The Kelpinger-Rouch stabbing affray from West Brookfield was tried to-day, the mayor being accorded final jurisdiction in the case by consent of the principals. The charge was confined to assault and battery, and Kelpinger was fined \$15 and costs, \$45 in all.

Star dress shirts. Spangler & Co.

REDUCTION OF VALUATION.

Work of the Farmers' Organizations in this Direction.

At a meeting of the farmers held in Grange hall, Massillon, February 21st, for the purpose of considering a reduction of the appraised value of farm lands in Stark county, a resolution was passed, and a committee appointed to present the same to the county commissioners, demanding a reduction of at least 10 per cent. on the appraised values returned to the state board of equalization, and praying for the assistance of the commissioners in securing this reduction.

The committee appointed by Perry Grange and the Stark county Farmers' Alliance met in Grange hall Canton, March 3d. On motion, John Poorman, of Tuscarawas, chosen chairman and W. D. Oberlin secretary. A committee was appointed to arrange for a meeting with the commissioners for consultation. The committee reported for a meeting at 1 o'clock. On motion the chair appointed a committee of three, including the president, to present the matter to the commissioners. The committee consisted of John Poorman, David Murray and A. M. Wise. This committee appeared before the board and submitted the following resolution, adopted by the meeting held in Massillon:

To the honorable board of commissioners of Stark county:

Sirs: In convention assembled in Grange hall, Massillon, Feb. 21, 1891, for the purpose of considering a reduction of the appraised value of Stark county farm lands, we find that, compared with other counties of the state, the valuation of Stark's lands relatively much higher and would ask and emphatically demand in justice to the land owners of Stark county, a reduction of at least 10 per cent. on the appraised value, and respectfully ask and pray for your assistance in securing this reduction.

After the reading of the petition the commissioners expressed themselves as willing to do all in their power to secure a reduction and signed a petition to this effect, presented to them to use their influence with the state board in securing it, which petition, together with one signed by the members of the convention, were immediately forwarded to the Hon. G. W. Wilhelm, member state board of equalization at Columbus, Ohio.

LATE SALMAGUNDI NOTES

John Murphy, of Toledo, and Mrs. J. Murphy, of Massillon, were here yesterday to attend the funeral of John Keefe.—Wooster Republican.

President Whitehead, of the Nypano, says the Wheeling & Lake Erie is at present taking no active steps to build the branch from Creston to Cleveland. This is not the most advantageous time for placing bonds.—Cleveland Leader.

He Has Been Here.

The American Florist has a reader who sends a printed circular describing the "Seven Wonders or Vining Lily," said to be "Nature's greatest curiosity," that will grow "seven feet long, with seven branches, each branch bearing seven flowers, all from a little jar of water." Seeds of this wonder were sold like hot cakes by a street fair in this reader's town, and they were, recently, in Massillon. The Florist says that the imposition of these horned seeds upon a gullible public is very common. It adds that the seeds are probably those of the bull's head like ling, or "Chinese lily seed," the flowers of which are absolutely useless for bouquet work. As the vines grow continually immersed in water, except the root ends, they are unfit for eating out of water. The Florist concludes that if you want to be humbugged, the street fakir can generally accommodate you.

In Justice's Court.

Legal papers were issued in Justice Paul's court this morning garnishing the wages of William Wicket, employed at the Warthorst quarries, to satisfy a board bill amounting to \$19.25 due Ans Thon Clouse.

In the civil action brought by Philip Rhine to recover an alleged balance due at settlement for labor and material furnished Rosa Weaver amounting to \$80.71, the jury brought in a verdict awarding the plaintiff \$56. Prior to the trial of the cause the defendant offered Mr. Rhine \$65 and to pay the costs up to that time to settle the matter, but the proposition was declined; and even after the award of the jury the plaintiff made a similar tender, which was also declined. Mr. Rhine has given notice of appeal.

A Costly Accident.

An accident happened last night to George Scheer, Jr., the sixteen year old son of George Scheer, which might have been much more serious than it proved to be. He had the position of honor in front of a half dozen or more boys on a bob sled, the pleasures of coasting being indulged in on Plum street, (without a bob), and during one of the trips down the smooth surface the sled came in contact with a telephone pole while going at a lively rate of speed. The shock to young Scheer was so great that he was rendered unconscious, was carried home in that condition and remained so for several hours. This morning his condition is reported to be normal, except that his hips are badly bruised.

The W. & L. E. Will Resume.

Official information this morning is to the effect that business will be resumed on the W. & L. E. road to-morrow as far as Warrenton, thirteen miles from Steubenville, and to Mingo junction, within three miles of Steubenville, in three or four days. However, it will be impossible to run trains into the city twice named for probably several weeks, as the most serious damage was done to the long trestle between that city and Mingo junction, about one thousand feet of it being carried away by the water.

For Rheumatism.

The best preparation is Scotch Sarsaparilla, a physician's prescription, and has been used for years in private practice with the greatest Scotch Liver Pills, 25 cents. For sale by Morgenthaler & Heister.

Aldmere, new collar. Spangler & Co.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Religious Intelligence and Local News Notes.

The Rev. Asahel A. Breese will occupy the pulpit at St. Timothy's church, Sunday morning.

In the absence of the Rev. S. P. Long, services